



No. 236.—VOL. XIX.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1897.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6½d.



PRINCESS VICTORIA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN IN FANCY DRESS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



## MISS CISSIE LOFTUS, AT THE ALHAMBRA.

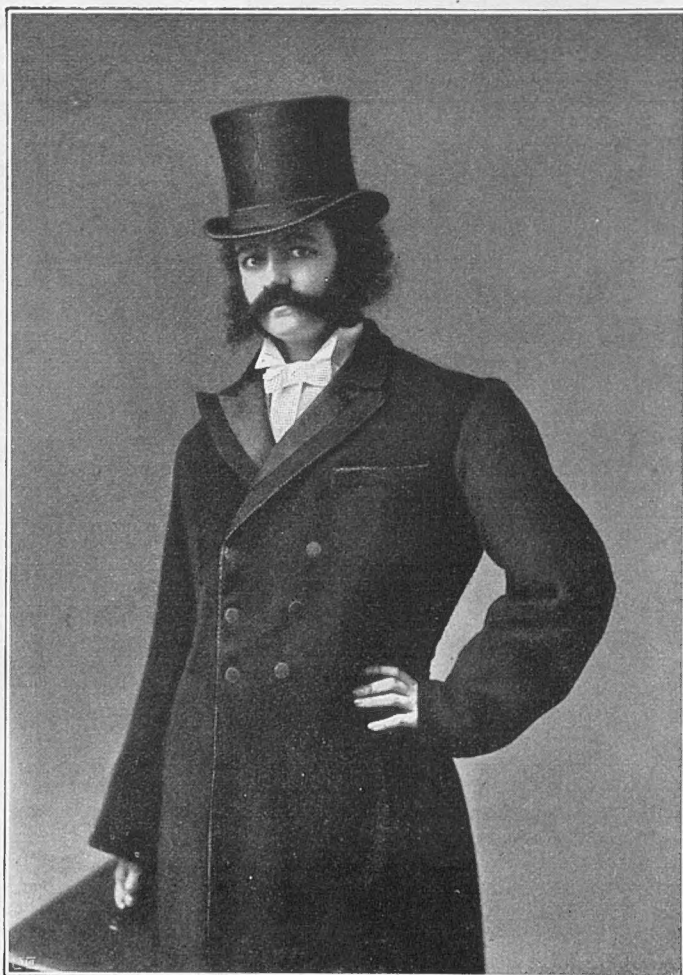
I remember that when Miss Cissie Loftus first made a hit, a wiseacre said to me, "It's all very well, but the public will soon get tired of that sort of thing, however good," and I replied wisely—nothing. To-day sees the charming girl quite as great a favourite as in the early days when she was litigated about. The novelty of the white gown and almost childish manner has gone, but increased skill serves excellently in its place, and the heroine of the romantic marriage fascinates as completely as before. One is still amazed that the little throat can produce so many voices, so marvellously resembling those of others, and that her face and gestures can instantly image popular performers of both sexes. Her imitation of Fregoli in "Camaleonte" must have startled the Italian if he saw it, seeing that what she does is little less remarkable than the work of the famous quick-change artist, and it has the charm of her dainty self added. It would be difficult to say which of her present imitations is the best; some prefer the presentation of men, because of a curious undertone of humour in the idea; others find her at her best in presenting Madame Yvette Guilbert or Miss Letty Lind. Certainly the Yvette is a wonderful piece of work, and always causes prodigious applause; the Lind seems, perhaps, a rather too easy subject for one of such gifts as Miss Cissie. Very clever, too, is her imitation of Mdle. Alice Favier, who has made such a hit in "La Poupée" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, while she pictures Mr. Gus Elen as the critic of the henpecked husband (in the song "It's a grite big shime") to the life. The Colonials who visit the Alhambra take particular delight in her work, seeing that it gives them a definite idea of many performers that they have no opportunity of seeing.

## "UNDER ONE FLAG," AT THE EMPIRE.

The ballet divertissement now running at the Empire is one of the prettiest and most tactful that I can remember—the word "tactful" refers to the fact that the patriotic note is introduced in a fashion which nicely avoids offence even to the most susceptible. There is, perhaps, no definite story in the two tableaux ingeniously arranged by Madame Katti Lanner, but one is interested in the development of the ideas of then and now, of peace and war, of Mother Country and children. I am disposed to grow almost tired of praising the work of Wilhelm, whose gift, perhaps one might say genius, for producing novel and charming colour-effects by costume renders every ballet entrusted to him delightful. In "Under One Flag" his most noticeable effort lies in the handling of the quaint early Victorian costumes, and masses of white are used wonderfully. M. Leopold Wenzel, of course, in his music has relied, to a great extent, on the splendid store of national melodies to be found in these islands, and has succeeded in blending and using strong measures with rich effect. I am not sure that one does not get rather tired of the huge statue of her Majesty which occupies a very prominent position during the second tableau; otherwise there really seems nothing to be said against the ballet. In the matter of performance reliance is hardly placed on the principals. Miss Zanfretta the graceful is present, and gives one in her short Indian dance rather an appetite than a satisfaction. Moreover, there is charming Mdle. Cora, one of the cleverest and prettiest, in her dance of life. The ladies of the *corps de ballet* do their work admirably, and the whole performance from first to last is quite interesting, to say nothing of the numerous other items on the programme.



MISS CISSIE LOFTUS AS MDLLE. FAVIER IN "LA POUPÉE."



MISS CISSIE LOFTUS AT THE ALHAMBRA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



## HOW THESE CHRISTIANS LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

### CARDINAL VAUGHAN AND FATHER O'HALLORAN.

Down in the leafy parish of Ealing the Christian loving-kindness of the Roman Church has been enduring something of a strain. Cardinal Vaughan is a man to whom the idea of authority is rather in the nature of a central religious dogma. He has it in his English squire's



HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL VAUGHAN.

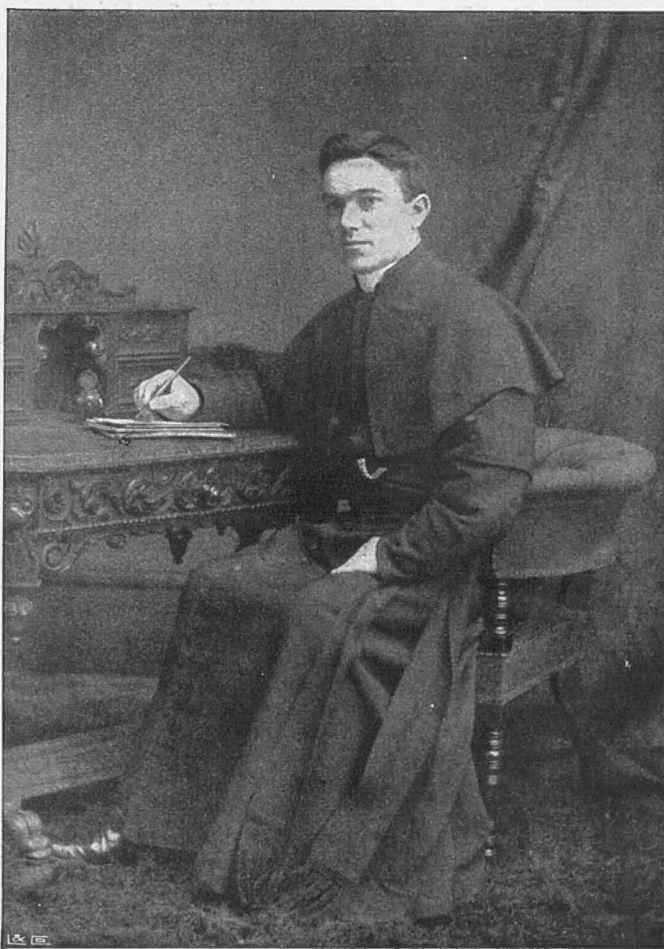
Photo by Barrauds, Oxford Street, W.

blood, and the rural passions that inflame the English squire's breast when a question of game laws is at stake naturally fill his Eminence with a similar degree of excitement when his own ecclesiastical and personally framed game regulations are in jeopardy, and when the poacher may be described generally as a "mere priest." The prelate and the priest, despite all Christian teaching, are naturally set against one another. The prelate rejoices in his authority, and the priest resents the prelate's complacency. It is quite useless to point to the various salutary teachings of common charity and of the higher life which their high professions impose upon them—the antagonism is necessarily there, and often there are the makings of a pretty little quarrel, in the course of which a corner of the curtain may be raised, under which the world can steal a glimpse of the methods which these Christians use when they are busily engaged in—loving one another.

This is not the first time that the Reverend Richard O'Halloran has been pitted against the prelate who ruled over his diocese. Some years ago the then Bishop of Middlesbrough made a strong attempt, in the interests of what the supercilious major-domo of Cardinal Vaughan would call "Church discipline," to dispossess this sturdy cleric of his station. But the cleric was more knowing than the bishop, who went so far during a General Election as to lock his controversial subject up in a monastery for a fortnight. Father O'Halloran took his case into the ecclesiastical courts and triumphed gloriously over his bishop. In his hour of victory, however, the priest was merciful, and accepted Cardinal Manning's invitation to join the Westminster Diocese, where he has since been working with immense industry and success. Here begins the second chapter of Father O'Halloran's troubles. It appears that his "incardination"—as the curious phrase is—into the Diocese of Westminster was made conditional upon certain external matters, so that it lay in the decision of the superior, to some large extent, as to whether his services should be continued or brought to an abrupt conclusion. The thing was, you would say, on the face of it, a most unjust contract, if indeed the rights of the priest could thus be actually reduced to a cipher and made dependent upon the sweet will of the bishop. Here, however, the wisdom of Canon Law seems to make its influence felt, for it is the opinion of the most eminent jurists that after an active residence of three years in a diocese any incardination becomes free of conditions,

and therefore also becomes *ipso facto* a fixed and absolute right vested in the priest. During Manning's lifetime the question of this right never could grow into a serious matter of controversy, for Manning was emphatically impersonal in his attitude towards authority, and he had none of the English squire's views upon game laws whether translated into an ecclesiastical code or not. Then Manning died and a new Pharaoh ruled in the land.

With his nominal condition still attached to his contract, but perfectly aware that that condition had by this time lapsed, Father O'Halloran opened a mission at Ealing and prospered amazingly. He built himself schools and a little church, he surrounded himself with excellent congregations, and, in a word, made things from every point of view exceedingly pleasant and comfortable. But he had reckoned without his Cardinal and the ecclesiastical game regulations; and recently the Cardinal looked upon Ealing and saw that the mission was fair and very fair, and, having at hand two favourite monks—one of them his own cousin—his Eminence reminded Father O'Halloran of the famous condition in his contract, and bade him pack up and begone, for that the monks desired this delightful domain for their own. But the priest was not to be dismissed so easily. Like the ancient Jingo, he had "fought the Bear before," and the monks should not have his Constantinople. So he demanded a Commission of Inquiry, and the Commission was granted; but *before* any decision was made the Cardinal took the contemptuously careless step of removing Father O'Halloran's name from the "Catholic Directory" and substituting the names of his monks instead, a most injudicious and foolish proceeding when dealing with so acute a controversialist as the Irish rector, who promptly made an interlocutory protest against a policy which practically stultified the very existence of the Commission. Now mark: the case was in a fine and ripe condition for the wits of ecclesiastical lawyers, with whom it is a first rule that no definite steps can be taken by either side until a decision is formulated. Yet the Cardinal once more delivered himself into the hands of the priest, for while the suit was, and is, still pending, he has had the incredible folly to issue a public notification suspending Father O'Halloran from all offices and faculties, not perceiving that his own powers in this matter are entirely suspended until the decision of the highest Roman Courts is made known. The bolt has indeed fallen short, and the priest, merrily appreciating the position, continues his services, and, above all, his offertories; while the Cardinal continues like an Indian juggler to hurl suspensions into the air that never come down again. That is his method of displaying the old Christian love and charity after the new style; it is not so unusual as the primitive way,



THE REVEREND FATHER O'HALLORAN.

Photo by Wellsted, Hull.

but it is much more amusing, after all. "Only a matter of Church discipline," murmurs Mgr. Johnson, of Archbishop's House, if you ask him why the Cardinal wishes to see Father O'Halloran's luggage lying in the lanes of Ealing; "only a matter of Church discipline," murmured, no doubt, the Medici when they took Savonarola for the last time to the market-place of Florence.



## SPORTS AND PASTIMES AT EARL'S COURT.

With the self-sufficiency which is the common characteristic of every nation, we, as a people, may possibly lay claim to the possession of many attributes we do not fully deserve, but, as regards our superiority in all matters pertaining to sports and pastimes, it is universally conceded that we outdistance every other country. It is, therefore, with pardonable pride that we may contemplate the splendid and unique collection of memorials of our prowess in games and athletic sports belonging to the Victorian Era now brought together at Earl's Court, where they are admirably arranged under the management of Mr. Charles E. Fagan, F.R.G.S.

In taking a *coup d'œil* of the hall devoted to this collection, one notes that its general features consist of a magnificent glass pavilion in the centre, with a broken line of smaller glass cases to the right and left, while the walls are covered with pictures and trophies. One and all deserve the most careful inspection, for each object calls up memories of strenuous struggles in which the best blood in England, whether of man, horse, or hound, has won the victory by sheer merit.

Taking the exhibits in Racing, "the Sport of Kings," first in order, we cannot fail to be impressed with the splendid array of gold and silver racing-plate lent by the Dukes of Devonshire and Westminster, by Lord Rosebery, Baron de Rothschild, Mr. Chaplin, and other magnates of the Turf, not omitting the magnificent Waterloo Cup, three times won by the greyhound Fullerton. From these magnificent trophies one naturally turns to the paintings of thoroughbreds whose names are household words, and notably to the portraits of the Derby winners during the sixty years of her Majesty's reign, right away down to the Prince of Wales's Persimmon, the winner of last year, the cap and jacket of whose jockey are also exhibited, while to paintings of Orme, Pero Gomez, Don John (who won the first Leger with Bill Scott up), and Kendal, the sire of Galtee More, very special interest attaches. Then there is the saddle of Surplice, the Derby winner of 1848, with the hoofs of Rosierucian, Blue Gown, and Isonomy, the plates of Isinglass and other favourites, as well as the skeleton of Hermit. In short, the whole Victorian history of the Turf lies suggestively before your eyes. Then the cognate subject of coaching and driving will come under your notice, especially pictures of Lord Lonsdale's famous drive against time for a wager, as well as a portrait of Jim Selby, the hero of the driving feat to Brighton and back, with pictures of the first 'bus, together with blunderbusses, key-bugles, and post-horns. Passing on, I will next refer to the memorials of the rival crews of Oxford and Cambridge on the Thames, and of other competitors at Henley, Eton, and elsewhere. The first object of interest is a splendid trophy of oars, among which you will discern specimens of the oars wielded in the annual great Boat Race since its inception, and in connection therewith it is noteworthy that the Oxford crew in 1842-43 rowed with oars painted green. Then there are oars of the Eton boat which first won the Ladies' Challenge Cup at Henley, together with the sculls used by W. H. Grenfell in his twenty-four hours' rowing feat from Oxford to London in 1889, and those handled by him as stroke when crossing the Channel in 1885; while a curious seat, officially occupied by the President of the Oxford University Boating Club, is shown, made out of the wood and adorned with the oars of the victorious Oxford boat which, with seven men at the thwarts, beat Cambridge in 1843. Under glass you may note the broken oar of the Oxford boat of 1877; the flag of the Oxford boat which fluttered in advance of the Harvard crew in that memorable race; while the bow of the Queen's College boat, head of the river in the year of her Majesty's accession, calls up as much interest as a section of the boat rowed by the Eton Eight for eight years in succession at Henley. Particularly unique are the photographs, taken from daguerrotypes, of the members of the Oxford crew who contended in the first inter-University race; but I must hasten on, though I omit notice of scores of objects of supreme interest.

Under a glass case you will not fail to notice the handsome champion belt, embellished with enamelled gold medallions, of Dick Burge, the

light-weight champion boxer of the world, while two other belts of regular prize-ring "pets" deserve special attention. Then there is a model of Jackson's arm, as well as the colours of Heenan and Tom Sayers, with cups and medals galore connected with the "noble art."

Cricket, of course, is very much to the fore; a long rack is filled with the bats of noted wielders of the willow, not omitting the bat of the Prince of Wales, while the bat of the Rev. G. E. Carter reminds you that he and Mr. Justice Chitty enjoy the unique distinction of having been both in the Eight and Eleven of their University. Want of space prevents fuller notice of a sport so amply represented at Earl's Court.

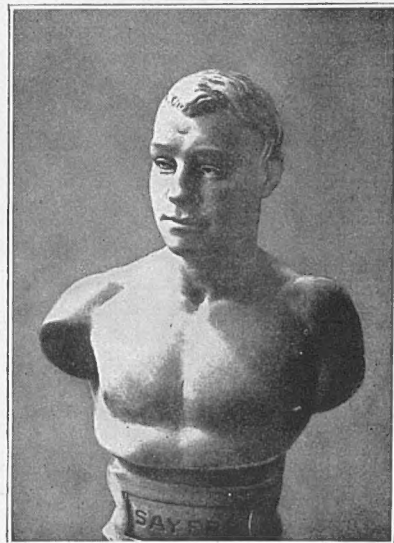
In football memorabilia the exhibition is particularly rich, especially as regards the collection of prize plate, which has absolutely never before been approached in completeness. So great and comprehensive is it that I will make no invidious distinctions, but merely state that the Rugby Football Union (to Mr. Rowland Hill, the hon. secretary, special thanks are due), the Scottish, Irish, and Welsh Football Unions, and many affiliated clubs, have brought together a collection of trophies, caps, cups, and other souvenirs, which alone makes the exhibition worthy of a visit by all who take an interest in the game.

Nor are the Amateur Athletic Association and the London Athletic Club behind in bringing to public notice many credentials of their muscular contests and victories, all being as deserving of inspection as the original chart of Captain Webb's wonderful swim across the Channel in 1875, and the trophies of the Amateur Swimming Association, the Middlesex County Water Polo Association, and its contemporaries. The collection of golfing "irons" embraces some more than sixty years old, though these are scarcely within the limits of the Victorian Era; while lacrosse has been duly represented through the energy of Mr. E. T. Sachs. One can still keep the ball rolling in mentioning matters of absorbing interest by adverting to the portraits of the Champions of Billiards, John Roberts senior and junior, with that of their predecessor, Edmund Kentfield, while cues and balls commemorative of well-known matches revive many struggles round the cushions. One could go on filling column after column of *The Sketch* with an enumeration of the attractive exhibits at Earl's Court in the Sports and Pastimes Section, but enough has been said to give support to the dictum that this portion of the show appeals more than any other to Englishmen, or, as the Bishop of Wakefield would now wish to say, to Britons.

T. H. L.

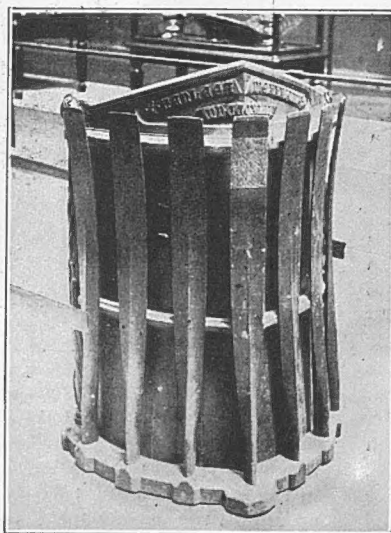
## A STRANGE PARISIAN.

I remember seeing "Viana" at the Nouveau Cirque in Paris some years ago, and she struck me as being one of the prettiest women I had ever seen in the ring. Unfortunately, she fell in love with an Italian, an artist's model, and since then her life, or, to be accurate, her death, has been a trouble to her. Ten times she has attempted to commit suicide, and has each time meant it. But she has no chance. She started by throwing herself out of a three-storey window, but she fell on a passer-by who loved life. She escaped with a few bruises, and he had six months in hospital. The Commissaire of Police reasoned with her, and she promised to give up the habit, but the moment she was outside the bureau she threw herself under an omnibus. The wheels passed over her, but three months later she was well and strong again. The next time she went down to the Seine at dead of night and threw herself over the parapet. An unnoticed barge arrived and saved her. She followed this up with poison, but a doctor arrived in the nick of time. She cut her throat with a razor, but missed the main artery. She stabbed herself with a dagger, and escaped the heart by the breadth of a cigarette-paper. She lit a pan of charcoal, and forgot to seal up the keyholes. She bears the mark of a revolver-bullet intended to remove her brains; and, honest and conscientious as has been her every attempt, she has always missed her aim. Now, alas! her heart is broken, and her courageous spirit bowed down. She went home the other day to her flat in the Boulevard Rochechouart and arranged a scaffold. She put the cord round her neck and kicked away the chair. But at the very moment when victory was within her grasp the door was smashed in and she was cut down. A neighbour on the opposite side of the street had watched her and given the alarm! She rewarded the intruders by smashing over their heads every article she could lay her hands on, and chased them through the streets in a costume associated with *tableaux vivants*, with the rope round her neck. She is once more free, and promises to live as long as she cannot die.



TOM SAYERS.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.



THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY BOATING CLUB PRESIDENT'S CHAIR.



# RAILWAY HOLIDAY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

## LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

**BRIGHTON RACES, AUG. 3, 4, and 5.—SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS** at Ordinary Fares, First, Second, and Third Class, from VICTORIA 9 a.m., Clapham Junction 9.5 a.m., KENSINGTON (Addison Road) 8.40 a.m., LONDON BRIDGE 8.55 a.m., and 9.20 a.m.

**SPECIAL FAST TRAINS** at Ordinary Fares, First and Second Class only, from LONDON BRIDGE 10.40 a.m., VICTORIA 10.50 a.m., Clapham Junction 10.55 a.m.

**PULLMAN FAST TRAINS** (First Class only), from Victoria 10.5 a.m., Clapham Junction 10.10 a.m.

**LEWES RACES, AUG. 6 and 7.—SPECIAL FAST TRAINS** at Ordinary Fares, First, Second, and Third Class, from LONDON BRIDGE and VICTORIA 9 a.m., CLAPHAM JUNCTION 9.5 a.m.

**SPECIAL FAST TRAINS** at Ordinary Fares, First and Second Class, from LONDON BRIDGE 10.40 a.m., Victoria 10.50 a.m., Clapham Junction 10.55 a.m.

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Week-Day Fast Through Trains and Boat Service:—

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.
Victoria ... dep.	6 45	10 25	...	...	11 40	1 45	3 55	...	4 55	7 15	7 25
London Bridge ...	6 45	10 25	...	...	11 40	1 50	4 0	4 55	5 0	7 25	7 25
Portsmouth ... arr.	9 0	12 45	1 5	1 40	2 16	4 23	6 39	6 56	7 38	10 25	10 25
Ryde ...	9 55	1 50	1 50	2 50	3 0	5 10	7 30	7 40	8 35	...	...
Sandown ...	10 45	2 29	2 29	...	3 37	5 46	8 20	8 20	9 24	...	...
Shanklin ...	10 51	2 36	2 36	...	3 45	5 52	8 25	8 25	9 30	...	...
Ventnor ...	11 4	2 50	2 50	3 35	3 35	6 6	8 37	8 37	9 40	...	...
Cowes ...	11 23	3 17	3 17	...	3 35	5 35	7 55	9 5	...	...	...

Extra Trains leave Victoria 1 p.m. and London Bridge 2.30 p.m. Saturdays and Tuesdays only.  
(By Order) ALLEN SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

## LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

COWES WEEK.  
ISLE OF WIGHT BY FOUR ROUTES.  
COWES, &c., via SOUTHAMPTON.

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.
WATERLOO ... dep.	6 0	7 55	11 15	12 50	3 10	6 0	...	...	...	...	...
COWES ...	11 10	12 10	3 0	4 50	7 0	9 45	...	...	...	...	...
NEWPORT ...	11 58	12 55	3 55	5 15	7 40	...	...	...	...	...	...

**LYMINGTON ROUTE.—To YARMOUTH for FRESHWATER, TOTLAND BAY, and ALUM BAY.**  
Coaches are now running between Yarmouth, Freshwater, and Alum Bay.

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	Exp.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.
WATERLOO ... dep.	5 50	6 0	9 30	12 30	2 25	4 55	...	...	...	...	...
YARMOUTH (Boat) ...	9 15	11 30	1 0	3 30	5 45	7 55	...	...	...	...	...
FRESHWATER ...	11 42	...	1 36	4 0	6 57	9 30	...	...	...	...	...
TOTLAND BAY (Boat) ...	...	12 0	...	4 0	6 20	...	...	...	...	...	...
ALUM BAY (Boat) ...	...	12 10	...	4 10	...	...	...	...	...	...	...

## PORTSMOUTH ROUTE, via the DIRECT LINE.

	a.m.	a.m.	Fast.	a.m.	a.m.	Fast.	a.m.	Fast.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.
WATERLOO dep.	6 40	9 0	12 10	1 0	1 50	3 40	4 10	5 0	10 15	10 15	10 15
PORTSMOUTH arr.	9 20	11 6	2 11	3 28	4 29	5 40	6 35	7 2	12 37	...	...
RYDE ...	10 15	12 0	3 0	4 45	5 10	6 25	7 30	7 45	3 10	...	...
VENTNOR ...	11 4	12 49	3 35	6 6	6 6	7 10	8 37	8 37	...	...	...

## STOKES BAY (FAMILY) ROUTE.

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.
WATERLOO ... dep.	5 50	7 55	11 15	12 50	3 10	6 0	...	...	...	...	...
RYDE ...	9 2	12 0	2 55	5 15	7 0	...	...	...	...	...	...
VENTNOR ...	10 0	12 49	3 35	6 6	8 37	...	...	...	...	...	...

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CHAS. SCOTTER, General Manager.

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HENRY LEWIS, General Manager.  
Dublin, 1897.

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	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.
LONDON (St. Pancras) ... dep.	5 15	10 30	10 35	2 10	9 15	10 0	...	...	...	...	...
Carlisle ...	1 5	5 0	5 45	8 55	4 15	4 45	...	...	...	...	...
Ayr ...	3 51	7 50	...	11 31	...	7 17	...	...	...	...	...
GLASGOW (St. Enoch) ...	3 52	7 35	...	11 25	7 10	7 20	...	...	...	...	...
Greenock ...	4 15	8 7	...	12 18	...	8 22	...	...	...	...	...
EDINBURGH (Waverley) ...	3 55	...	8 23	11 25	6 52	...	...	...	...	...	...
Oban ...	9 5	...	4 45	...	2 45	...	...	...	...	...	...
Fort William ...	...	...	...	...	12 40	...	...	...	...	...	...
Perth ...	5 37	...	10 32	...	8 55	...	...	...	...	...	...
Dundee ...	6 10	...	10 51	...	8 52	...	...	...	...	...	...
Aberdeen ...	8 40	...	12 45	...	10 45	...	...	...	...	...	...
Inverness ...	...	...	6 10	...	2 40	...	...	...	...	...	...
Stranraer (for Belfast) ...	5 30	8 7	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...

DIRECT CONNECTIONS are given with these trains from Leicester, Nottingham, Bristol, Birmingham, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Manchester, Liverpool, and other towns.

\* First and Third Class Dining accommodation between London and Glasgow or Edinburgh. A—No connection on Sundays.

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Dining-Car accommodation is provided on the trains leaving London (St. Pancras) at 10.35 a.m. for Edinburgh, and Edinburgh (Waverley) at 10.5 a.m. for London (St. Pancras). Seats may be booked in advance on application to the respective Stationmasters.

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At the Princes Pier, Greenock, trains run alongside the steamers, so that passengers from London and all parts of the Midland Railway System can conveniently join the Steamers for the Firth of Clyde and the Western Highlands and Islands of Scotland. THROUGH CARRIAGE from London (St. Pancras) to Greenock at 10 p.m.

### DAYLIGHT SERVICE TO ROTHESAY, via Greenock (Princes Pier).

A Daylight Service throughout will be given during August, leaving London (St. Pancras) at 10.30 a.m., arriving at Greenock at 8.7 p.m., in connection with the G. and S.-W. Railway Company's Steamer reaching Rothesay at 9.45 p.m.

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GEO. H. TURNER, General Manager.  
Derby, August 1897.

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STATIONS.	RETURN TIMES.	FARES FOR THE DOUBLE JOURNEY.
BRIDLINGTON (via Selby and Eanthorpe) ...	a.m. 11 43	Third Class. s. d. 17 6
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SCARBOROUGH ...	10 45	20 6
ROBIN HOOD'S BAY ...	9 27	21 0
WHITBY ...	9 55	24 0
SALTBRUN ...	10 8	...
REDCAR ...	10 18	...
SEATON CAREW ...	10 16	...
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WHITLEY ...	8 49	...
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CHEAP TOURIST and WEEK-END TICKETS are also issued to the above-mentioned places from King's Cross.

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August 1897.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager, G.N.R.  
GEORGE S. GIBB, General Manager, N.E.R.

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First Saloon, 5s. return.  
For full particulars apply to T. E. BARLOW, Manager, 50, King William Street, E.C.**THE ROYAL OPERA SEASON.**

The opera season at Covent Garden is dead, and one has no hesitation in pronouncing it to have been, on the whole, a great success. Financially, although with that matter the public has nothing to do, this appears to have been the case. The critic, however, has only the artistic results to consider. The best characteristic of the season has been the persistent activity which has shown itself as a guiding principle even in the production of the most familiar operas. You were nearly always aware that a genuine effort was being made to secure success, although that success was not always commensurate with the effort, and that is really to say a great deal. One must remember the conditions which handicap Covent Garden. The season is a short one; the public is clamouring for variety, and when that variety is given it is criticised by audiences that are as keen and as difficult to please as they are exacting in their demands. It is undoubtedly a fact that such blame as has been awarded to the opera has usually been heaped upon the shoulders of the stage-management, and it is also true that very often the stage-management has deserved that blame. This is no place to go into the details of the matter; but there have been a thousand instances which might with scarcely any trouble have been done simply right and not elaborately wrong. Yet, when you come to consider the difficulties that the stage-management has had to deal with by reason of the one fact that the County Council has compelled it to store all the scenery at the back of the stage, so that the movements of everybody concerned in the matter have been almost incredibly hampered, you begin to realise some of the hardships of the situation. I have been told on the best authority, for example, that on the occasion of the last performance of "Aida," which had not been given for some time, it was necessary, owing to this condition of things, to search through nearly eighty back-cloths before the right one could be found.

We have had, then, magnificent operas magnificently cast. "Siegfried" with Jean de Reszke, Herr Lieban, Mr. Bispham, and Edouard de Reszke; "Tristan" with Jean and Edouard de Reszke and Mr. Bispham; "Die Walküre" with M. Van Dyck and Herr Dippel, with Mr. Bispham, Madame Schumann-Heink and Miss Marie Brema; "Die Meistersinger" with Jean and Edouard de Reszke, Madame Eames, Mr. Bispham, and M. Bonnard; "Tannhäuser" with Alvarez, Madame Eames, Madame Pacary, and M. Renaud; "Lohengrin" with all the great singers of the season; "Le Nozze" with Eames's superb Countess and with Edouard de Reszke, Clementine de Vere, and Miss de Lussan; "Don Giovanni" with M. Renaud and M. Fugère. Here, to name but these, is a list that should make the past season for ever memorable. There can, indeed, be no two opinions on the matter. These immensely fine performances, which in some instances were repeated three or four times, decide without further question the artistic value of the work which has been done at Covent Garden during the past dozen weeks, and it must also be remembered that quite a large number of more familiar operas have been given, in which most of these noble singers took part. Of the newcomers, Herr Dippel has taken the astonishing place of a genuine London favourite, and all the older favourites have well kept their former high estate. Still, among them all, the names of Jean de Reszke and Madame Eames should be particularly mentioned. M. de Reszke's work has been grand in the most superlative sense of the word, and Madame Eames has achieved a distinction and taken a forward movement in her art that places her very far indeed on the path to that perfection which is doubtless the goal of her ambition. Her interpretation of the Countess in "Le Nozze" apart, she has given us nothing finer than the Elsa with which the season concluded on Wednesday night. To deal briefly with other matters, Herr Seidl's conducting has been a rare treat for any of us who care for conscientiously beautiful and broadly sympathetic work; two new operas have been produced—one Herr Kienzl's very interesting "Der Evangelimann," and the other Baron d'Erlanger's prettily decorative "Inez Mendo." Both were played well. The orchestra was good and bad—good, as a rule, when one looked for the other thing, and sometimes incredibly bad when everything encouraged other expectations. So the season ends—a season of great interest and of large and thorough success, which has been chiefly due to the energies of Mr. Harry Higgins, Mr. Grau, and to the tact, sagacity, and resource of Mr. Neil Forsyth.

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### SMALL TALK.

Apropos of the house in Camberwell Grove in which the Colonial Secretary was born, the fact is of interest that a large open space, called Grove Park, and still known by that name, directly fronted the residence of Mr. Chamberlain's father. Situated on the eastern ridge of Champion Hill, the park commanded an expansive view, and was, doubtless, a favourite haunt of Mr. Chamberlain in his first decade, as it was in early youth of both Mr. John Ruskin and Robert Browning. Up till about five years ago a square bit of ground in the Park, overspread with shrubbery and trees, with the ancient open well, Camber, in the centre—from which, by the way, the large parish of Camberwell is said to have derived its name—retained its rural aspect. It is now, however, entirely built upon, the occupants of the red-brick villas wholly oblivious that one of their back-gardens is the site of a spring whither the afflicted resorted in the last century to drink of its medicinal waters. It is of interest, too, that Mr. Ruskin left the school of Mr. Thomas Dale, in Grove Lane, the very year of Mr. Chamberlain's birth.

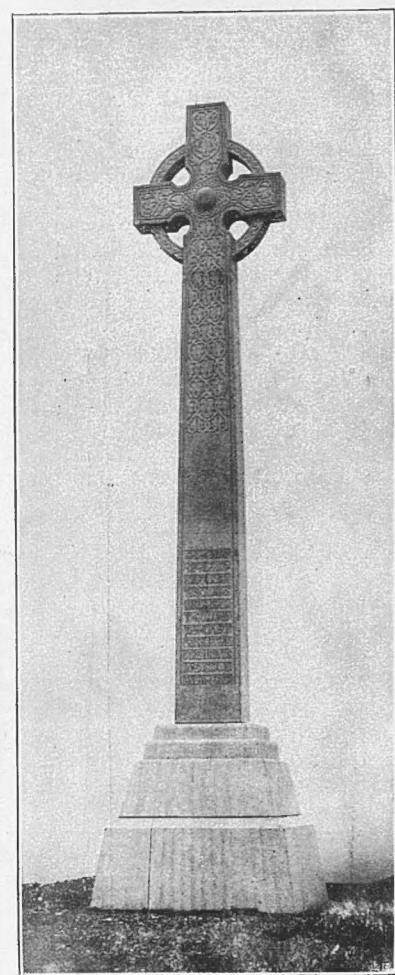
The much-discussed beacon in memory of Lord Tennyson has now been erected in place of the perishable and periodically renewed framework which long served as a landmark on Freshwater Down to passing vessels. It takes the form of an Iona cross, designed by Mr. Pearson, R.A., who took into consideration the massiveness of structure and dignity

of outline requisite in so exceptional a site, nearly five hundred feet above the sea-level; and it has been carved in Cornish granite by Messrs. Farmer and Brindley, its total height being thirty-two feet, and the cross itself being twenty-four feet in height. The Trinity House and Board of Trade have accepted the monument as national property under the title of "The Tennyson Beacon," and will be responsible for its maintenance. It will be thus marked in the Government charts, and will serve as a landmark to vessels approaching the west end of the Isle of Wight. The Tennyson Beacon will be no mere local memorial. It will be national, not only in ownership, but in situation and sentiment, and, standing above one of our great ocean highways, will be set up in the eyes of the Fleet and those who go down in ships to the new Britains beyond the seas. It bears the inscription—

"In memory of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, this cross is raised as a beacon to sailors by the people of Freshwater and other friends in England and America.

One might well carve on it the lines from "In Memoriam"—

Henceforth, wherever thou mayst roam,  
My blessing, like a line of light,  
Is on the waters day and night,  
And like a beacon guards thee home.



TENNYSON BEACON AT FRESHWATER.

Photo by Kesto, Freshwater Bay.

That Tennyson himself would have liked his memory to be linked with a beacon for sailors above his old home, on that "quarried Down" which was his favourite walk, no one who knew him can for a moment doubt. The public feeling in favour of the proposal was shown by the fact that, though very little was done to bring it forward, £750 was subscribed within a year. Of this sum £200 came from the United States, where a committee was formed, headed by Oliver Wendell Holmes, and containing representatives of all the great names of Tennyson's literary contemporaries beyond the Atlantic. It may be added that, as R. L. Stevenson has pointed out in a note to the "Portrait" of his father, a "beacon" does not technically imply the existence of a lantern. "In its express technical sense," he writes, "a beacon may be defined as a founded artificial sea-mark, not lighted." Another memorial to Tennyson, in the shape of a summer-house, is to be erected at Aldworth.

Every now and again, and for various reasons, one has occasion to exclaim, "Stands Scotland where it did?" For some time past, Tanfield Hall, Edinburgh—in which, fifty-four years ago, was constituted the Free Church of Scotland, and where, for some years subsequent to 1843, the General Assembly of the Church held its annual sittings, and the walls of the edifice resounded with the fervid eloquence of Chalmers, Candlish, and Guthrie—has been used as a bonded warehouse. The

owner, hampered by the lack of accommodation for his continuously increasing stock of fine old whisky, is about to extend his premises, the nucleus of which is the famous Assembly Room. As the hall is to remain untouched, it has been suggested, though not by the Church authorities, that a tablet recording the historic event of 1843 should be affixed to the building.

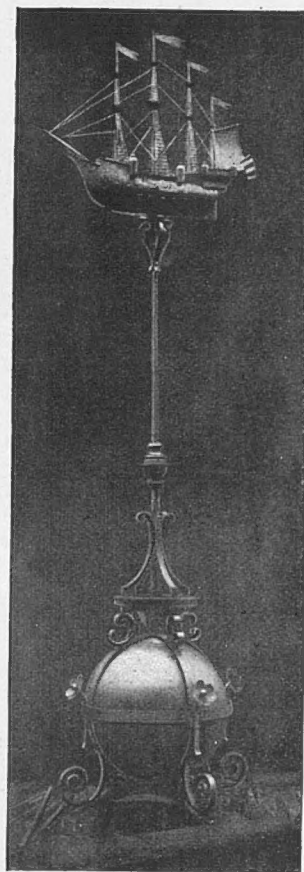


VANE FOR GREENWICH OBSERVATORY.

to his tongue, but he has probably read more French novels than any other member of the House of Commons. There is a pleasant literary flavour in his speeches. If only he had a good voice he would be a great Parliamentary debater; but his voice is thick and unmelodious. Sir Henry appears to least advantage on the platform. It is among friends that he shines. His pithy phrases have great vogue on the front Opposition bench; and, in a conversational manner across the table, he sometimes delivers short speeches which are full of shrewdness, good-nature, and pawky humour. In Scottish debates his humour flows most easily. Mr. John Morley listens to him on these occasions with delight. His sentences take quaint turns which tickle pleasantly the ear of a literary man.

Although a keen partisan, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman has no rancour. He would be the first to laugh at the idea of the village politician, that political wisdom or righteousness is the monopoly of either party. Fidelity to his own side does not make him blind to the good qualities of opponents. His tolerance may be one of the causes of his popularity. He is as well liked on the right-hand of the Speaker as on the left. When he looks across the House and sees the face of his brother, Mr. J. A. Campbell, his heart may soften towards the Unionists. Yet brothers have sat on different sides ere now and expressed very strong opinions. There was the case of the two Stanhopes, the one a staunch Tory and the other an aggressive Radical. And certainly the late Sir Robert Peel did not mince his language out of consideration for his brother, the present Viscount. Nor did Colonel Harcourt's presence among the Conservatives induce Sir William to avoid hard words. But Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is a type of the good-natured politician, even-tempered and fair-minded. He would have made an admirable Speaker, and if he were ambitious enough he might yet become as successful a Leader of the House of Commons as the late Mr. W. H. Smith. But, unfortunately perhaps for the House, he is not one of the "lean men" whom aspirants to that post need fear.

A picturesque vane has been added to the Royal Observatory at Greenwich. It takes the shape of a ship, reproduced in copper by Messrs. Jones and Willis, of Hornsey, from the *Great Harry*, of which there is a model in the Museum at Greenwich. This vessel was commissioned in Elizabeth's reign, and is typical of the ships of the period. The size of the model for the vane is, from bow to stern, 4 ft. 3 in., while the height over all is 3 ft. 9 in. The ball at the base of the finial is made of copper, and is 2 ft. 9 in. in diameter, while the total height of finial is 15 ft. The centre stem supporting the ship is 2 in., tapered to 1½ in. The ship revolves on an agate.



VANE FOR GREENWICH OBSERVATORY.



It is a long time since any exhibition possessed such interest for schoolboys as the postage-stamp collection which has been gathered together at the Gallery of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours in Piccadilly. The exhibitors include the Duke of York, who is an ardent philatelist, and who lends some extremely fine specimens of Indian



CANADA'S LATEST POSTAGE-STAMP.

proofs and unperforated Mauritius, while the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha has a set of one hundred very rare British Colonials, unused. Mr. W. B. Avery shows the two famous Mauritius wood-blocks of 1847, valued at over a thousand pounds the pair, and Baron de Worms exhibits the finest lot of Ceylon stamps ever known. Among dealers, Messrs. Stanley Gibbons show a collection of unused stamps in two volumes, valued at £20,000, Mr. W. H. Peckitt exhibiting a quantity of stamps such as the three-lire unused Tuscany, and Ceylon, used and unused,

at prices ranging between £50 and £150. The total value of the exhibits is put down by the secretary of the exhibition at something like half-a-million of money. It is a great pity we have not had a special Jubilee stamp to show. Canada has quite forestalled us there.

The dispersal of the Jacobite relics that had long adorned Culloden House has made hundreds of collectors happy. The bullets and cannon-ball from the battlefield, so much bric-à-brac, fetched from a guinea to six pounds apiece. The bed on which the Prince slept cost Mr. Lawson Johnstone £750, while the Queen has had to pay £160 for the privilege of leaning on Charlie's walking-stick, with its famous double-headed handle representing Folly and Wisdom. There is a fine ironic symbolism in the fact—

Where is the hate of rival race  
That dyed with blood Culloden Moor—  
The Prince's courtly Stuart grace  
Against "usurper" Deutsch and dour?  
Silenced the sound of roaring guns  
By prosy auction-hammer click.  
"Lot sixty-four-seven" (the entry runs)—  
"Prince Charlie Edward's walking-stick."

Defeat? Who thinks of eyes that wept  
O'er what is merest bric-à-brac?—  
The bed on which Prince Charlie slept  
Ere English soldiers drove him back;  
The claymore and the cannon-ball,  
The empty scabbard, dirk, and shield,  
Picked up upon the fatal field,  
Adorn some City merchant's hall.

Time can indeed afford to smile  
At bitter hate and faction fight;  
Opposing forces calmly file  
Together in ironic light.  
The Stuart failed to save himself  
By battle, ambushade, or trick;  
And yet to-day the aged Guelph  
Leans gently on his walking-stick.

Folly and Wisdom side by side—  
Was ever emblem half as true?—  
The youthful prince's reckless pride  
Which made his dearest friends to rue;  
Folly, in sooth; yet Wisdom turns  
To bridge the yawning gulf between;  
The past is past, and no one spurns  
This meeting of the Prince and Queen.

Lord and Lady Breadalbane, who celebrated their silver wedding on Thursday, are striking figures in the social world, whether playing the part of "Viceroy" and "Vice-Reine" at Holyrood, holding political receptions in Cavendish Square, or conducting their friends through their Perthshire deer forests. The Marquis has been Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of Scotland three times in succession, and the period of his fourteen days' rule has been on each occasion more successful than the last. He served his apprenticeship at Court as Lord-in-Waiting, and has since held the office of Treasurer of her Majesty's Household, while his training as railway and bank director has proved no disadvantage in official life. He is suspected of having no love of Home Rule, but, as he owes his Marquisate to Mr. Gladstone, he is silent on the subject, and in other points he is a good Liberal. Lady Breadalbane is a daughter of the fourth Duke of Montrose. She is a tall and stately woman, and holds herself superbly. She cannot be described as universally popular, but when she is liked she is liked much. She is an excellent shot and an accomplished deer-stalker, and her indomitable energy allows her to do most things well. One of her leading interests is a boys' school she has established at Taymouth. This she maintains at her own expense, giving the young students a start in life when they leave the school.

Taymouth Castle, where the silver wedding festivities are to take place, is splendidly situated at the foot of a hill which from base to crown is covered with fine timber. The modern building is on the site of the ancient "House of Balloch"; the restoration was begun in the first year of the present century, and was only completed in 1842, on the occasion of the Queen's visit. In one of the rooms which form part of the original building is the best existing collection of the works of Jamesone, of Aberdeen, called "The Scottish Vandyck."

The enthusiasm Mr. Arnold-Forster entertains towards the scheme of uniting Ireland and the United Kingdom by means of a tunnel is certain to awaken interest again in a project which more than once during the past dozen years has been before the public. It is not without interest at the present time to learn something of the attractions, as a holiday resort, of Portpatrick, the village on the Scottish side, near which it has been proposed to construct the tunnel. Although there is communication once a day with the populous centres of the kingdom, the quaint village appears as if it were wholly secluded from the outside world. And yet at a period not very distant there must have been the stir of business in Portpatrick, for its now disused harbour, in the erection of which nearly a million was expended, bears evidence, even in its ruinous condition, of having entailed much and long-continued labour. The chasms in the masonry and the tortuous form of the displaced iron rails, with which the huge stones were clasped, indicate the mighty impact of the waves which beat from the Irish Channel on this point of the south-west coast of Scotland. The "oldest inhabitant" has a certain pride in relating how, when the harbour was in use, and the packet-boat sailed thence to Ireland, it was frequently the case that the captain in the winter-time, in order to ensure his foothold, had to be strapped to the bridge. The cliffs, bays, and caves north and south of the village have a certain rugged beauty, but are seen to most advantage from the sea, for which purpose boats can easily be procured. From the cliff that rises immediately behind the village one's vision embraces a fine sweep of the Irish Channel, and, with a fairly clear atmosphere, the coast of Ireland, twenty-one miles distant, can be distinctly traced, while on rare occasions the outline of the Isle of Man is discernible.

To the south of the village a romantic pathway, flanked on one side by jagged and precipitous rocks, leads to the castellated ruin of Dunskey, while northward there is the modern mansion-house of that name, situated close to Dunskey Glen, which has the charm of being, though only a few hundred yards from the sea, seemingly, from the profusion of woodland shrubbery, as remote from the coast as any inland Highland valley. Stranraer is distant some seven or eight miles by rail from Portpatrick, and from that town Belfast can be reached by the "Short Sea Passage." Three miles from Stranraer stands the ivy-enshrouded ruin of Castle Kennedy, the ancient house of the Stair family, and in its grounds, perhaps the finest, in some respects, in the country, there is the modern residence of Lord Stair—Lochnaw Castle.

I wonder how many of her sex have impersonated the Queen this year. Every night you may see a damsel in the Alhambra ballet seated in



MISS PEARL WATSON AS THE QUEEN.  
Photo by Duffus, Johannesburg.

state as Victoria. From Johannesburg I have received a picture of Miss Pearl Watson, *et. five*, who went to a fancy-dress ball to show her fellow-citizens the way in which Queen Victoria went to Westminster to be crowned sixty years ago.





THE QUEEN IN THE BALLET AT THE ALHAMBRA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.



From all sorts of out-of-the-way portions of her Majesty's dominions we are beginning to hear how her Diamond Jubilee was celebrated, and photography's "artful aid" will doubtless ere long present us with many an interesting picture. A few days since I had a letter from a friend in Fiji, written just before the auspicious date. My friend excuses the briefness of the epistle by urging the Jubilee preparations at Suva. "We are all full just now of the Diamond Jubilee," he writes; "our church is to be beautifully decorated, and exactly at 4 p.m. we are to sing 'God Save the Queen.' There are to be numerous sports, a cricket match, and other entertainments, and, as three days' holiday have been gazetted, our people evidently intend to make the best of the historic occasion." Referring to the Jubilee, that friend to whom I referred in these columns some weeks ago as about to occupy a position on Decimus Burton's arch took his camera to the exalted spot and obtained some excellent snapshots. The pictures are rather small for reproduction, and in the most interesting, that of the Queen's carriage just before it entered the arch, her Majesty has hidden her face under that parasol which she so graciously accepted from the "Father of the House of Commons"; but, as personal mementoes of the occasion, the sun-pictures are admirable.

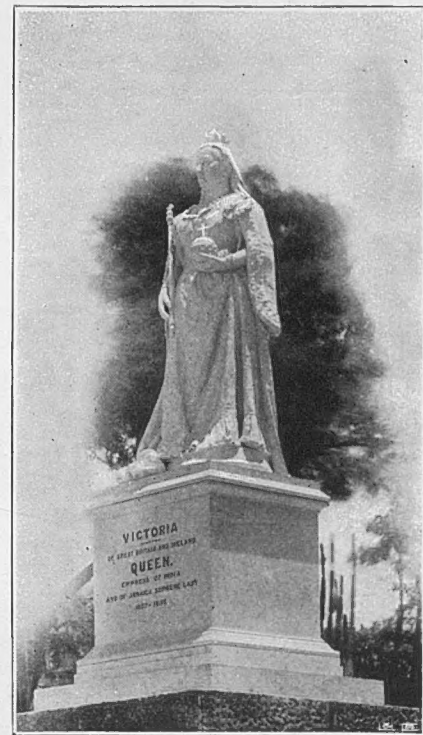
The Jubilee rejoicings in Jamaica began at an even earlier hour than those in London, for before seven o'clock school-children were being marshalled to take part in the celebrations at Kingston. They formed up on the parade-ground, where, after an address by his Excellency Sir Henry Blake, a statue of the Queen was unveiled amid great rejoicing and the singing of the National Anthem by a large company. Upon this the Governor read her Majesty's telegram, which was received with prolonged cheering. A thanksgiving service was held in the parish church, at which the official bodies were represented, and services were held in nearly all the many other religious meeting-places on the Sunday. At half-past twelve a levée was held at Headquarter House, which was very largely attended, the members of the Legislative Council, the officers of the Army and Navy, and the clergy being privately received. The day was finished up by a great display of fireworks on the racecourse. In connection with the celebrations, the Kingston *Daily Gleaner* published a most interesting illustrated supplement, which for quality of reproduction could not have been surpassed in this country.

The troubles at the Post Office set me thinking, and my thoughts lead me to conclude that our public and our Post Office workers would all be the better for a month or so under Turkish régime. It would teach the public to be deeply grateful for receiving a letter under any circumstances, and the Post Office people would hold a thanksgiving service every pay-day without running any risk of overpraying. A Turkish post-office must be seen to be believed. In Jerusalem I posted some letters to London, and they were delivered, but eight weeks elapsed between the dates of the post-marks. In Constantinople the principal telegraph-office would be voted a disgrace in any county town of England, while, in point of cleanliness and order, the smallest village in this country would give it a start and a beating. I have waited for nearly half an hour in the telegraph-office at Pera just because the officials were having a chat or eating some lunch or reading a paper behind the dingy partition. The traveller is all right in very big towns,

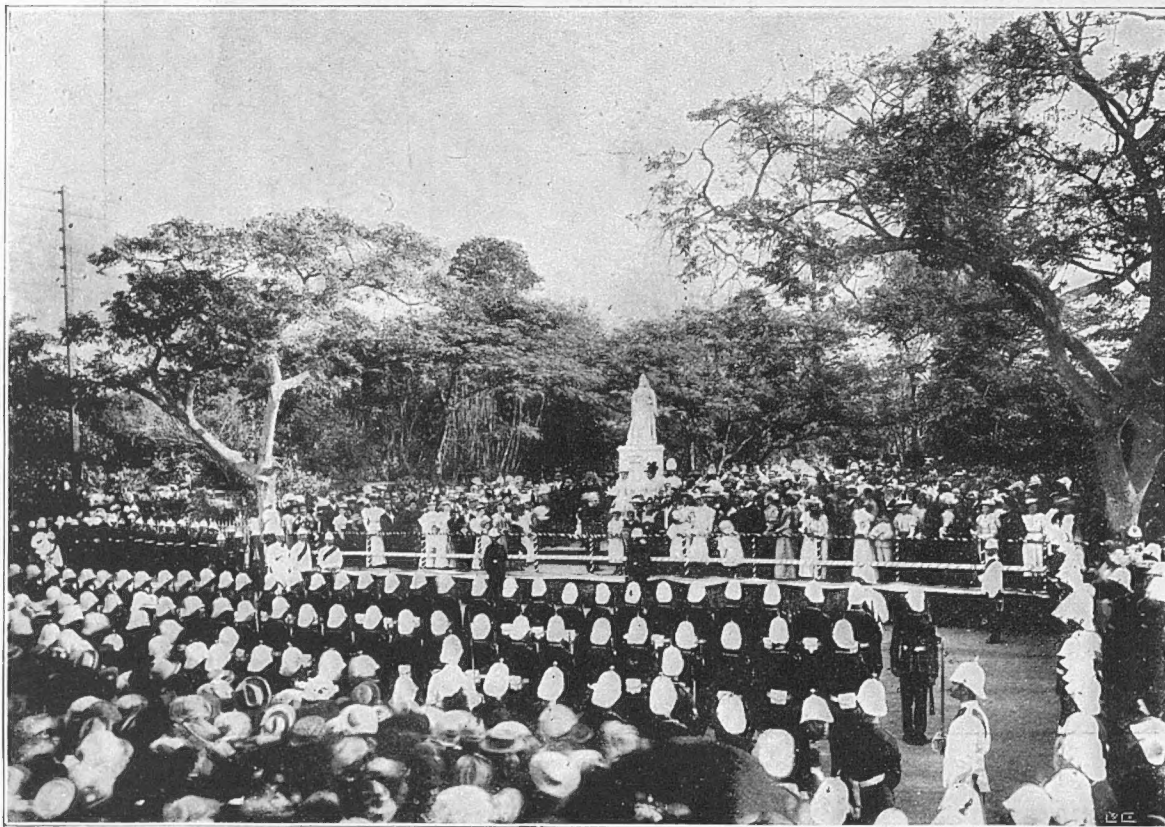
so far as letters are concerned, because some of the Great Powers are sure to have their own post-office, but in the small towns in European or Asiatic Turkey the Fates be merciful to him a tourist!

I can write of the Turkish post-office and the ways of its officials by reason of some curious experiences of which one is well worth telling. I was once staying in a camp about half a mile from the ancient town of Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee. I had written several letters, and, as the heat was unbearable, decided to give them to the Dragoman for posting. That worthy asked me if I wanted them to reach their destination, and I confessed that I nearly always had that wish with regard to my letters. Thereupon the Dragoman advised me to post in Damascus, and after some pressing, told me why. It appears that when Turkey was more prosperous, the Tiberias Postmaster received twenty pounds a month by way of salary, and the services of an assistant. Now that the *res augusta domi* prevailed at Yildiz Kiosk, his salary had been cut down to six pounds a month, paid more or less irregularly, and if he wanted an assistant he was expected to pay for him. The Postmaster was a man of resource; he took the stamps from letters posted in Tiberias, tore those letters up, and sold the stamps again and again. Thus he managed to live in spite of his Government. I felt that here was an ingenious man, but I did not think I was called upon to assist in supporting him. So I asked about registration, and Dragoman Salem replied that such a procedure meant an extra stamp to the Postmaster. I was compelled to send letters or telegrams to half-a-dozen people, and telegraphy cost a shilling or more per word; so finally I thought out an idea by which I saved my pocket and the credit of the Postmaster. I wrote post-cards with the stamps printed on, of which I had a dozen with me. Mr. Postmaster did not act from malice but from necessity, so my post-cards kept him from crime, and justified the continued existence of a Tiberias post-office.

Don't you wish yourself at Klondike, where the gold nuggets "stick out of banks like pebbles"? Fancy picking up gold enough to build a house in Park Lane, and all in the course of a morning stroll! The worst of it is that Klondike is the deuce of a place to get at, to live in when you reach it, and to come away from when you have made your pile. The journey both ways recalls "King Solomon's Mines." Personally, I should like the nuggets to present themselves in the country lanes of Surrey, where you often cycle over most undesirable stones. If they were all solid gold, who would mind a punctured tyre?



THE QUEEN'S STATUE AT JAMAICA.



UNVEILING OF THE QUEEN'S STATUE ON THE PARADE-GROUND, KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

Photo by C. N. Taylor, Port Antonio.

It was not to be expected that the horrible catastrophe at the Charity Bazaar in Paris in May last should be allowed to pass without the men of science taking some steps to put the general knowledge of fire-prevention and life-saving on a better footing. An International Fire Prevention Congress is to be held in Paris later in the year, to which architects, engineers, and scientific men generally, are invited. An International Exhibition of "engines, inventions, products, and plans" for the prevention and extinction of fire is to be held in a building near to the Congress meeting-place. A large number of representative men in France have already joined the committee.



If Cambridge had not been so determined in its attitude against the Girtoneer and her sisters, the Cam might have been the scene of as fair a sight as that which Cornell University furnishes when the college girl goes forth to row. Rowing is such a capital exercise that I wonder college girls in this country have not taken it up. The girl who has had a Vassar education is much more enterprising.

I was appalled at the apparent disregard of the maxim "Cleanliness is next to godliness" shown the other day by a member of the Preston Board of Guardians, who strenuously but unsuccessfully combated a proposal to purchase hair-brushes for the inmates of the local infirmary wards, on the ground that hair-brushes were a luxury not indulged in by ninety-seven per cent. of the working classes. Another public body, which concerns itself with the health of the French Department of the Seine, entertains, happily, a far more enlightened opinion on a similar matter. It has issued elaborate instructions to the barbers under its jurisdiction to ensure the proper cleansing and disinfection of the instruments and appliances used by them in their work. Fortunately for the fame of Preston, its Guardians, all but one, proved themselves not behind their health-controlling French *confrères*.

There are many and curious ways of raising money for charitable purposes. As I write there lies before me an appeal for a subscription

bearing trays. I reproduce the sufficiently comprehensive "cry" of one of them: "Cigars, cigarettes, lights, tobacco, ham sandwiches, butterscotch, chocolate, cake!" An attractive menu, certainly.

It is so long since the decision to remove Christ's Hospital into the country was arrived at that some of us had begun to believe, and perhaps to hope, that the scheme would never be carried into effect, and that the yellow stockings and blue coats of the scholars, so popular in the good City of London, would be allowed to flourish as they have done since the foundation of the school in 1553. A new site, near Horsham, was acquired a considerable time since, and there is talk of the foundation-stone of the new building being laid in the coming autumn. When this ceremony has become a fact the destruction of the historic buildings in Newgate Street cannot be long delayed, and the Metropolitan "Blue-Coat School," the present position of which has been defended vigorously by many a prominent "Old Blue," will disappear for ever. I understand that there is some idea of rebuilding the Great Hall—where many "public suppers" have been eaten and Christmas concerts held—as we know it now, on the new site. Should this come to pass it will be welcome news to many a scholar of Christ's Hospital. This hall, by the way, is not so ancient as some suppose. Indeed, it only dates back about seventy years, and was designed by John Shaw, who had previously built the infirmary. The Duke of York



THE GIRLS' CREW OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY.  
From the "Illustrated American."

from the great Jerusalem Hospital known as "Misgab-Ladach." The little booklet commences by remarking that the hospital stands "in a good healthy place, having the aspect of the valley of Josaphat, valley of Kedron, opposite the Judah mountains, enjoying of a constant refreshing breeze." After displaying the full benefits of the place in pigeon English, the compiler of the appeal goes on to state the rewards granted to donors. For an annual pound the donor will be rewarded by having prayers recited on his behalf on the anniversary of his death for five years after the event, or he can enjoy the same privilege for three pounds if paid down at once. Two clergymen instead of one will say these prayers if the donation reaches the figure of six pounds. Ten pounds brings greater blessings in its train: prayers after his decease every day for twelve "monthes," and ten pious men praying on his behalf on the first ten anniversaries of his death. Twenty pounds turns the ten anniversary years into twenty, and forty pounds ensures the services of three pious men every day for twelve months after his decease, and ten men to celebrate his anniversary for twenty-five years. If the donor will grant the expenses of a bed for five years, he enjoys, in addition to benefits above, the privilege that his name, "or his photograph if he likes," will be above that bed. There are many more curious rewards that I have no space to describe, but I hope I have said enough to convince wise people of the futility of living when they can die and get so many blessings for next to nothing.

The catering system at Lord's has this season been remodelled, nice little boys (of the Ingoldsby sort) in Eton jackets, and with M.C.C. badges on their aprons, passing round the ropes (which, presumably, they know)

laid the foundation-stone of this Great Hall in 1825, and it would be peculiarly appropriate if our Duke of York, who is always ready to do an act of kindness of this sort, would consent to perform the ceremony for the new buildings. The site in Newgate Street should sell for a sum large enough to secure a handsome balance when the new site and new buildings have been paid for.

The fact that fish inhabiting waters in deep caves have lost the power of sight has no doubt given certain Paris naturalists the cue for a novel and interesting, if not very humane, experiment. Under the direction of M. Armand Vire, some underground passages of Roman origin have been furnished with tanks and cages, and here, in absolute darkness, several species of fish and animals, pigs, rats, and other creatures, have been imprisoned, and will remain until such time as science is satisfied. The idea is that total deprivation of light must in time result in structural changes, comparable with those which occur in fish inhabiting subterranean waters. In these the eyes, being useless, have disappeared, while antennæ have developed to take their place. The atrophy of the eye must be a very gradual process, and is, I should imagine, hardly likely to reach completeness in the span of life enjoyed (or not enjoyed) by a pig doomed to dwell in darkness; but future generations of subterranean-bred pigs will, no doubt, arrive at total blindness, and, if the experiment be persevered with long enough, in total disappearance of the eyeball. Inasmuch, however, as the unfortunate captives will not be obliged to seek their own food, but will be fed by man, it does not seem reasonable to expect that Nature will develop substitutes for eyesight.



It is reassuring to see that the authorities in some parts of Africa, at least, are awake to the necessity for protecting game. In the British South Africa Protectorate, which embraces that splendid country known as the Shiré Highlands and Nyasaland, the Commissioner, Sir H. H. Johnston, ten months ago "proclaimed" a large tract of land as a game-preserve, with excellent results. Although shooting over this area has been so recently prohibited, animals seem already to have discovered that it affords sanctuary; game from the neighbouring hills have come down to the proclaimed tract; and, best of all, early this year a small troop of elephants was seen there: the advent of these beasts is the more noteworthy as none had been seen in the district for eight years. It is not generally known, I fancy, that the Belgian officials in the Congo Independent State have power to put a stop to elephant-shooting in districts where it appears desirable; that they exercise this power seems proved by a passage in the last consular report, which states that of the forty tons of ivory, more or less, shipped every month from the Congo only a very small proportion is fresh.

Consul-General Sharpe's recently published report on the British South Africa Protectorate contains much that is curious and interesting. The introduction of a currency, he remarks, has proved a great factor in civilising the natives of that part of Africa. In former days, when cloth was the medium of trade there as elsewhere, it was impossible for a native to conceal his prosperity from high-handed chiefs, and it was thus not worth while seeking to advance his position in life. Now the thrifty native receives payment in silver, which he buries out of sight when unauthorised tax-gatherers come around, with the result that he flourishes exceedingly, and blossoms forth at the psychological moment as a landed proprietor.

A very good friend of mine sends me a photograph of his house-boat on a lake in Kashmir. India must represent something very different to



A HOUSE-BOAT IN KASHMIR.

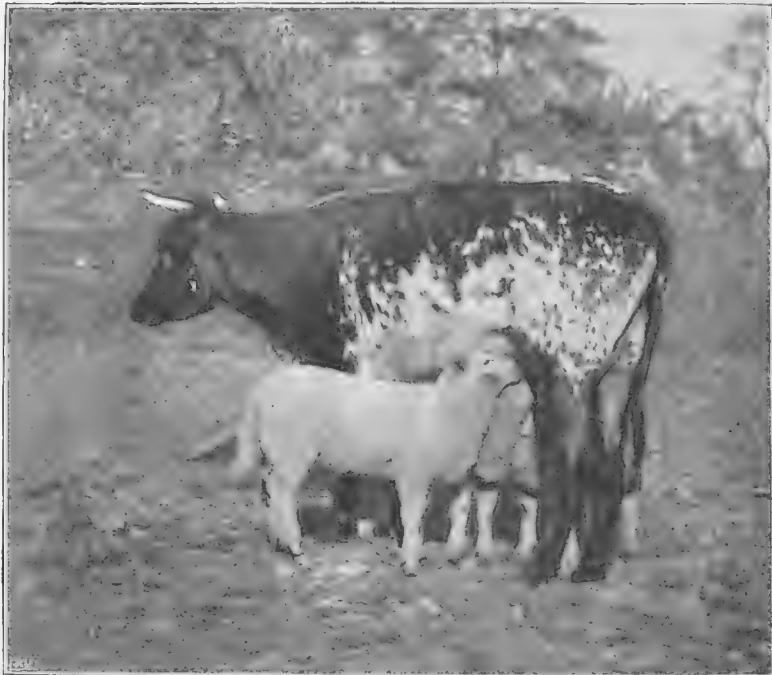
different people, and I can imagine that life may be tolerable on a lake in Kashmir with snow mountains in the distance, whatever earthquake and famine may do for Calcutta and Bombay.

M. Vladimir Tchertkoff, who was exiled from Russia owing to his avowed sympathy with the peculiar sect of the Doukobortsi, or "Spirit-Wrestlers," is writing a book on the life and habits of these persecuted people. In a recent magazine article he gives some particulars as to their peculiarities. The name of "Spirit-Wrestlers" was given them in 1785, because they professed to serve God in spirit. Their origin is unknown, as they have no written history; but they claim descent from Ananias (not the Champion Liar), Azarias, and Misael, who suffered for refusing to worship Nebuchadnezzar's image. The "Spirit-Wrestlers" do not frequent churches, do not worship images, do not fast, do not make the sign of the cross, and do not take part in worldly recreations. They have no marriage rites or ceremonies, all that is necessary being mere consent and promise to live together. Theatres, according to them, are the schools of Satan, and his majesty himself attends the performances. After all, except in the case of attendance at church and the absence of marriage ceremonies, the "Spirit-Wrestlers" appear to differ little from many sects in this country.

A once famous American train-robber, who has now been incarcerated for twenty-one years, is anxious to be liberated, and for a most extraordinary reason. Before he took to evil courses he had been a theological student, and he is now pleading urgently for his release in order, so he says, that he may become a preacher. A fine melodrama might be written round this remarkable man.

M. Saint-Saëns, as a Dieppe man, has lately been fêted at that watering-place. A banquet was given in his honour, and he was conducted under triumphal arches to the Place du Théâtre, which has received the new name of Place Camille Saint-Saëns.

What freakish creatures animals are! On the farm of Mr. Joseph Alton, of Thornton Watlass, Bedale, at this moment a cow may be seen suckling three lambs. When the lambs were born the mother died, and the cow at once took the little orphans under her care, with the result that they have grown up healthy and strong. The lambs while in the act of feeding were photographed by Mr. J. S. Brigham, schoolmaster of Thornton Watlass, Bedale, from whom cabinet photographs may be



COW SUCKLING LAMBS.

Photo by J. S. Brigham, Thornton Watlass, Bedale.

obtained at thirteence each. A correspondent tells the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch* of a cat which has suckled a kitten and a rat at Crieff. The cat, a stranger to the house, brought the kitten and the rat along with it, and the three apparently lived happily together, the latter being nursed by "pussy." The kitten seemed to be more timid than the rat, while the rat was inclined to be frolicsome.

The current issue of the *London Hospital Gazette*, which is one of the best of medical student-magazines, describes, in an article called "Putting the Body in Pawn," how some people will bequeath their bodies for dissection. From time to time the hospital authorities get very curious letters. Here is a specimen which came from somebody in South Kensington five years ago—

Will you be good enough to inform me if you have any society in connection with your hospital for the collection of dead bodies? I wish to leave mine when dead for the benefit of science. I do not wish to be buried (or put my friends to any expense for funeral or other expenses), and should like to form a society to get others to leave their bodies for use after death. I want a good name for my society, and any suggestion would be welcome to me—"Anti-cremation and burial society" for the benefit of health and science. The bones might be polished and the flesh burnt as fast as it was cut off.

Cyclists are now allowed to walk their cycles through the Broad Walk at Regent's Park, and some of the park-keepers are dolefully contemplating the addition to their duties that the authorisation of wheeling through the park would entail. But I think that their fears are groundless with respect to this further innovation being made.



A HAPPY FAMILY.

Photo by Simmet, Burton-on-Trent.



In order to commemorate the Diamond Jubilee in a lasting manner, Sir Elliott Lees, at the banquet recently held in the Town Hall, presented Birkenhead with a magnificent mace, the order for which was entrusted to Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, of New Bond Street. The mace is of massive gold, the principal design of the shaft being of oak-leaves and acorns, while round the base are arranged four shields bearing the coat-of-arms of the donor, of the first Mayor of Birkenhead (Mr. John Laird), and of the present Mayor (Mr. John Pennock), the fourth being plain.



GOLD MACE FOR  
BIRKENHEAD.

I was talking a few days ago to a great nerve-doctor, who discussed at some length the various causes of modern nervousness and brain-fag. He attributed no small degree of latter-day discomfort to the endless noises that are the accompaniment of modern life. Railway travelling and its effects upon highly strung nervous temperaments would make matter for a very interesting lecture from my informant. It was scarcely surprising that he should denounce underground railways and all their sulphurous works; but I was astonished to learn that all railway travelling is bad for nervous people. One very reasonable protest he made against the alarming banging of doors as trains go out of a station. The rattle and shaking are bad enough; but when a badly made door bangs like a dynamite cartridge, headache and irritability would appear to follow. Certainly there is little need or excuse for this noise. A couple of indiarubber pads on a carriage-door would end the trouble, and if such an innovation be too expensive, porters might be respectfully urged to take less delight in door-banging. It is curious but undeniable that the railway companies serving London and its suburbs would not be tolerated in the big provincial towns or on the Continent. The dirt, discomfort, and unpunctuality of our Southern lines—so far as their suburban services are concerned—would arouse swift indignation elsewhere. When one learns that health as well as comfort is sacrificed by the present condition of things, the desire for change and improvement becomes more strong. At the moment the signs of progress are not very startling. None the less, we may reasonably suppose that our children will laugh to think that their parents suffered so long and so patiently.

Let me confess to a keen sense of disappointment. Quite recently I read of a lovely burglary wherein the merry possessors of big bumps of acquisitiveness entered a house, chloroformed everybody, and took away everything that was not worth leaving behind. In this charming tale I felt a real pleasure; I could have shaken those burglars by the hand. They were types of what is progressive in their profession. But alas and alack, and well-a-day!—how sings or sang the poet:

When Science from Creation's face  
Enchantment's veil withdraws,  
What lovely visions yield their place  
To cold material laws!—

just when I was congratulating myself upon the fact that we no longer had to go to novelists for sensation and ingenuity, a miserable medical paper comes along, and, in its humourless way, tears my vision to tatters. It gives statistics to show that, when an expert practitioner tries to chloroform sleeping patients, he is seldom successful in more than one case out of three. Under these circumstances, the paper adopts a sceptical—I had almost written "brutal"—attitude towards a pleasant story. I protest most strongly. Why should Science come along and strip the veil from so charming a Creation as burglary by chloroform? Why should not the burglars have been doctors when they were young and virtuous? It's a great big shame, and I would withdraw my subscription from the paper in question but for the facts that I am not a subscriber and read the article complained of in a public reading-room.

The American branch of the Salvation Army evidently delights in British Hallelujah methods. It is its proud boast that it possesses the record-breaking hymn-singer of the Salvation Army. This new Tannhäuser, as his friends have dubbed him, can sing fifty-nine hymns in less than fifty-eight minutes, and his extraordinary prowess in this direction is attracting enormous crowds. Indeed, there is little doubt that "Adjutant" Ludgate will soon get promotion, for he has proved the strongest "draw" the Salvation Army has had for many a long day. It need hardly be said that his programme consists entirely of hymns, and he accompanies himself on the concertina. Notwithstanding his success, it is to be hoped that the "Adjutant's" British comrades will not follow his example, for surely "that way madness lies," if not to the singer, then to the audience.

The Lyceum has long been a happy hunting-ground for the purveyors of absurd rumours. Sir Henry Irving was lately approached by the representative of a London newspaper, who asked if it were true that Miss Terry was about to secede from the theatre and that the company would be broken up. Both statements are absolutely remote from the truth, but I have no doubt that people will go on repeating them.

The play which is to follow Mr. Laurence Irving's "Peter the Great," at the Lyceum, deals with modern life in the East End and West End of London. Part of its interest will be due to Sir Henry Irving's appearance in modern garb. If you except the costume of Corporal Brewster, Sir Henry has not worn modern dress on the stage these twenty years. The nearest approach to it was the evening-dress of Louis dei Franchi, in the masked-ball scene of the "Corsican Brothers." Before that he wore the ordinary habiliments of the man about town in "Philip," but this takes us back nearly twenty-five years. A good deal of curiosity will be felt about Sir Henry's manner of wearing the garments of 1898.

Tattooing extraordinary has been practised in the case of a young French soldier, who has lately excited much interest in the military hospital at Bordeaux. His body has been almost entirely covered with tattoo-marks. Besides sundry commonplace scenes and devices, there is a large and elaborate reproduction, extending right down the back from the shoulder-blades to the loins, of a picture in a French illustrated paper showing the degradation of Captain Dreyfus. The young soldier's well-meant patriotic enthusiasm must, in this instance, have caused him considerable pain. It would be a good stroke of business to engage him as part of the advertising paraphernalia of a tour with "One of the Best."

Okehampton is happy because its citizen-soldier, Private W. T. Ward, of the 1st Devon, carried off the Queen's Prize with a total of 304, against the 302 of Captain Thompson, of the Queen's Edinburgh, and the similar score of Armourer-Sergeant Scott, of the Border Rifles, Canada and Wales coming in fourth and fifth. Private Ward, who is



CHAIRING PRIVATE WARD, THE QUEEN'S PRIZE WINNER.

Photo by Knight, Newport, Isle of Wight.

just thirty, joined the 4th Devon in 1884, and Major Pearce, of Hatherleigh, who won the Queen's in 1875, taught him to shoot. He is a coachbuilder by trade, and has been in the "Hundred" four times, and in the English Twenty three times. Though not a teetotaller, he says he is not exactly what you could call a drinker.



The *Daily Chronicle* solemnly announces that a sub-committee of the Society of Authors has been formed to examine into the question of booksellers' discounts, which question is now agitating the publishers and booksellers. The sub-committee of authors may meet and may cackle to its heart's content; but, so far as the question of booksellers' discounts is concerned, a word from Mr. John Heywood, of Manchester, or Mr. Stoncham, of Cheapside, is worth all that they have to say. The Society of Authors really does not count in the controversy.

Mrs. Steel, the author of "On the Face of the Waters," who was honorary secretary to the Distinguished Women's Dinner at the Grafton Gallery, writes to me as follows—

I regret having to use valuable space, but, as the original circular of which you give a facsimile in your kind notice of our entertainment was withdrawn absolutely after a few copies had been issued, because, through an error of mine, the names of Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mrs. J. R. Green had been included in the committee against their wishes, I feel that, as secretary, I must not allow this reiteration to pass. I may mention also that the committee took the opportunity of a new issue to alter the phrase, "representing the various branches of work in which women have achieved distinction," to "in which women have been employed." Though nothing beyond the representation of work was meant in the first instance, it seemed safer—of course, only in view of the ambiguities of English grammar and parsing—to keep distinction entirely for the other sex.

South Africa moves rapidly. Maritzburg, in Natal, has just equipped itself with a new playhouse, called "Scott's Theatre." The building is generally regarded as constituting an important attraction to the city, and is a handsome structure, being quite abreast of Home progress in the matter of comfort, decoration, ventilating, furnishing, &c. It also has a sliding roof, the only one in South Africa. It is capable of seating about eight hundred persons, and has an excellent electrical installation, carried out by Mr. C. E. Williams on behalf of Messrs. Siemens. The colour scheme is cream picked out with pale blue and gold. Surmounting



SCOTT'S THEATRE AT MARITZBURG.

the pediment above the proscenium is Mr. Scott's coat-of-arms and crest, and on the overtopping vaulting are some charming frescoes, the centre panel bearing three figures representing Music, and the side-panels Terpsichorean nymphs. There are eight boxes, and above his Excellency the Governor's are the royal arms, while the opposite box is surmounted with the arms of the colony. On the opening a key of solid eighteen-carat Transvaal gold was presented to Mr. D. B. Scott. On the top of it is Mr. Scott's coat-of-arms and crest—a paling surmounted with a mailed hand holding a scroll. The crest is supported by a shield bearing an inscription.

Speaking of new theatres, I must note that Crouch End has now got a playhouse all to itself. It stands in the Broadway, is called the Queen's Opera House, and covers over one-third of an acre. The auditorium is 100 feet by 54, and the stage 54 feet by 30. There is accommodation for 1500 persons. Mr. H. H. Morell and Mr. Mouillot, who now own eighteen theatres, are joint proprietors and managers. The building has cost £12,000. It was opened last week by the gay "Geisha."

Chinese dramas generally take several days to perform; but I hear of one, written in one act only, which is said to have had a long run (Americanised, I presume) in San Francisco. Its title, "The First-Born," suggests a perennial subject that will always be with us as long as human nature remains unaffected in its essentials by the onslaughts of unsexed New Womanhood.

Mr. E. F. Knight will not have very much occasion to worry about his expenses over a recent libel action. His present sources of expense have received a permanent addition, inasmuch as he has been left a life annuity of two hundred pounds under the will of his cousin, Sir Frederic Winn Knight, formerly M.P. for West Worcestershire, and Parliamentary Secretary to the Poor Law Board.

In the South Kensington Museum are some very interesting letters written by distinguished personages of the past, and one of the most entertaining and curious is that from Landseer to Mr. Forster. It was written in 1845 in reply to an invitation to a birthday dinner at the Star and Garter Hotel, and this is the letter's graphic form.



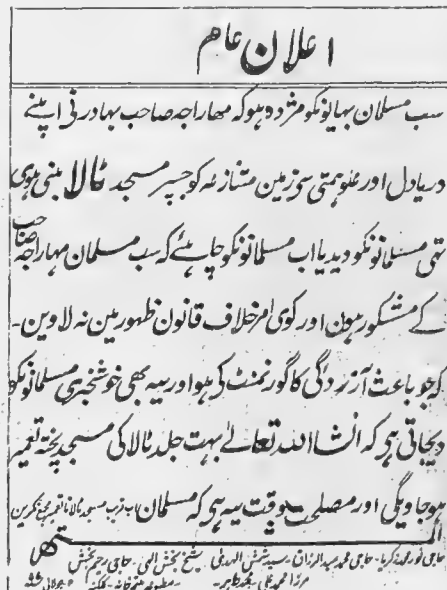
On Tuesday last Madame Olivia Sconzia, formerly pianist to the Queen of Spain, gave her annual concert at Steinway Hall, and, although town is popularly supposed to be empty at the end of July, the attendance was excellent. Madame Sconzia was assisted by several of her pupils, including Miss Alexandra Dagmar, who met with a very hearty reception, and pretty little Florence Bogarte, who charmed us all at the Palace Theatre a few months ago.

Signors Mascheroni, Palmieri, and Tito Mattei were the conductors, and Ugo Biondi was among the performers, though other engagements kept me from staying to see him. The Italian Colony in London was greatly in evidence, and the concert was a distinct success, although perhaps a determined stage-manager would have been an acquisition.

Signora Eleonora Duse, who has been resting at Venice, has received from the Municipal Council of "the Bride of the Adriatic" a complimentary address relating to her recent engagement in Paris. The terms of this address are worth reproducing, in part, for they refer to "the artistic triumph gained" by Signora Duse "in the supreme centre of the world's civilisation, in Paris itself." This is very nice for Paris, but where does poor London come in?

It is pleasant to see that the Essex farmers are receiving substantial help in the hour of their need, and that the Mansion House Fund has progressed so well, in spite of the many calls upon the public purse. During the past few days I have been once or twice into the stricken county to shoot unfortunate rabbits at the time of cutting the corn. In some parts of the county the scene is most melancholy even now. Nature has done what she can to repair ravages, and has decently spread a green mantle of neighbouring boughs or bushes over some of the tattered wrecks that the storm left behind; but many of the poorer agriculturists have made no attempt to help themselves, for the storm that ruined their harvest crushed their spirits at the same time. I have seen glass houses and window-frames left as they were by the hailstones, and small patches of vegetable-garden with the broken branches still lying on the ground. The farm-labourers who own allotment-gardens are in a very sad plight. They live on wages ranging from seven to thirteen shillings a-week, have a cottage rent free, and a small plot of land that in prosperous times keeps them in vegetables. A pig, a cow, or a few fowls are all their other possessions, and on this scanty share of the world's gifts they contrive to raise a large, healthy family. Now in many districts the vegetable-garden is a mud-patch, the fowls are dead, and the cottage windows are broken.

Much has been heard lately, in connection with the riots in India, of seditious leaflets scattered about by designing parties and by religious fanatics. One of the most crafty of these attempts to excite riot took place at Tallah recently, where the land in dispute had been in the courts for over three years. On the court deciding that the receiver (an Englishman) of the estate of the deceased Indian was entitled to the land, a large mob of Mahomedans gathered about the place in close proximity to a stack of bricks, and, on the police attempting to demolish a small tiled hut on the ground which was alleged to be a mosque, their demeanour became distinctly threatening. The police, however, continued their work, overthrew the fictitious mosque, and planted a bamboo in its place. Next day a yellow leaflet was issued which combined the cunning of the serpent with the gentleness of the dove, and was designed to lead the Mahomedan public to believe that the ground had been given back to them by one of the parties interested in the estate, and that the mosque would be re-erected. This leaflet was signed by several of the leading Mahomedans, but, as it contained a tissue of falsehoods, there is good reason to believe that the agitator had added forgery to his other accomplishments.



A SHADY BILL.





LADY GRIFFIN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, NEW BOND STREET, W.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## A STORY OF A MILESTONE

BY C. LESLIE.

A clear West Country stream and a rustic bridge on an early June morning; a fishing-rod and line, with a man at one end and a three-pound trout at the other; the man swearing—that was me. And the reason was this: I had left by pure cussedness my landing-net about thirty yards above the said bridge and on the opposite bank. I could perhaps have persuaded my speckled friend after a while to go upstream, for he appeared well hooked, but there was the foot-bridge in the way. I could perhaps risk taking him down, and drowning him—then trust to scooping him out hand-wise on the shallows; but I didn't like to face that just yet. My only other chance lay in some passer-by who should fetch my net; and that seemed remote enough, for it was private water belonging to the inn where I was staying, and the meadows were all hay-grass except where the bridge-path ran from the village some half-mile away up into a wood at my back.

The *dea ex machina*, however, appeared just when I was beginning to despair, in the person of a fluffy golden-haired individual in a pink frock, with a basket in her hand. I had no time to remark on the fluff, the frock, or the basket, at the moment, but I waited till she was on the bridge, and then looked up at her.

"I beg your pardon, but would you have the kindness to fetch me my landing-net? You can see it by the second clump of iris yonder—you see, I am in difficulties or I would not trouble you."

The basket was set down in an instant, and the landing-net was ready to my hand almost as quickly. At that moment Mr. Trout took it into his head to make for the broken water under the bridge itself, and I had to get quickly below him.

The girl evidently knew all about it, for she said quietly, "Don't let him get under, whatever you do. I will land him for you if you can bring him on to that patch of sand just by me in a minute or two."

I had managed to turn the fish in time—it had been his last rush—and I had not, therefore, noticed what my lady was about. In fact, she had kicked off the daintiest little pair of shoes and torn off the daintiest pair of stockings with gold clocks (these things I noted afterwards), and was standing at the edge of the water, with her skirt gathered in one hand and the net in the other.

I cried out, "You mustn't do that—it isn't worth it! Please don't; you will catch cold," and other futilities of the kind.

She replied very quietly, "Please be quiet; he is just coming. Whoo-whoop!" says she, with a gay laugh and a gayer bow to me as she presented him, struggling, on the bank. "He's fully three pounds."

I looked at her, and could find no words to express my gratitude and my sheer admiration.

"Fully three pounds," she repeated.

"You will be able to ascertain exactly when you take him home, Madam," I replied at last, "for he is your trout."

"Oh no," she said, "I couldn't do that!"

"But I insist."

"It's no use insisting"—and she shook the golden mop with humorous sadness (her hat had fallen off). "I should like to, but I mustn't. Will you please sit down and look at your fly, while I put on my shoes and stockings?"

I obeyed.

"There," she said, when she had finished; "now kindly fetch me my basket, and I must be off."

"May I, at least, ask to whom I am indebted for this charming service?" I said when I had brought the basket, which contained about a dozen speckled guinea-fowls' eggs.

She laughed and shook the mop again while fastening her hat on.

"I am Miss Rayner," said she, "and I live with my grandfather in the old grey house on the hill yonder."

"Well, but, Miss Rayner, couldn't I send the fish as a compliment to your grandfather, or call and leave it as such, while you explained to him the share you had in its capture? I am staying at the inn at Worthington, and if the May-fly don't get too thick, I am, I hope, likely to get more than I can eat myself, to put it in the lowest light."

"No," she said, after a minute's thought, "I'm afraid not. Grandpapa dislikes the idea of strangers fishing in the river, which runs through his property a little lower down; and though he knows, of course, that they have a perfect right to fish from the inn, he is one of those old-fashioned people who like to ignore—in a quite courtly fashion, you must understand—what they can't prevent. He wouldn't at all like the idea of my having helped you to land that trout, though I have helped him, when I was a child, to land many a one."

"And landed them for yourself too, I have no doubt."

"Yes, sometimes, I must own to it; but I don't often get a chance now. Grandpapa doesn't care for me to go fishing alone even within sight of the house. Good-bye, and thank you very much for your offer of the fish."

"Good-bye, Miss Rayner; the thanks are due entirely on the other side."

She was gone. I sat down on the bank and proceeded viciously to vivisect all the live May-flies I could find. Couldn't I have held her in talk a moment longer? No, it was impossible. She was gone—the Naiad of

the stream, the goddess of the wood—her pink frock had disappeared over the stile and into the thicket above; and everything that made the river attractive seemed to have gone with her. It was an ideal fishing day, with a south-west breeze up-stream; but I chose to think it was east, and tried to cast across. I drowned my flies. I flogged the water, and did "everything I didn't ought to," but I couldn't help hooking trout. I lost as many as I could, but before lunch I had two and a-half brace of beauties in my creel in spite of myself. Then the fly came on thick, and the breeze died, and I lay down and said I didn't want any lunch but tobacco and whisky, and that only made me crosser, and at last I went to sleep. I didn't dream of my pink divinity, but of a stuffy court, in which I appeared, not, as I was (very occasionally) wont, in wig and gown, but in irons and the dock. It was a court entirely peopled by trout. I was the only man in it. Two large trout acted as warders to me, and a gigantic trout was on the Bench. I was being tried for *stealing the milestones from the river-bank*. What rot! And yet, when I awoke about four o'clock, the dream was extraordinarily vivid, and I laughed heartily at it. This put me in a better temper, and I called myself ten thousand fools for having chucked away what might have been a morning's record because I happened to have seen a pretty girl. I set to work in earnest at about five, when the breeze came on again and the fly got thinner, with the result that I went home with five brace of as fine fish as you could wish to see, weighing altogether nineteen pounds. It was my record, and I have never beaten it since, on that river or on any other.

I hardened my heart to all thoughts of Miss R., and began to fish with a clear conscience by nine o'clock the next day. No doubt I should meet her some time or other in the village, and I would talk in quite a friendly fashion and tell her my funny dream. I should mention that I had been turned off work at the Bar for three months, and had resolved to spend the entire time fishing—first here at Worthington, then in Norway, then in Scotland. This was quite worth having overworked oneself for; and if all days were to be like yesterday—!

Well, my second day was evidently not going to be. I fished for every rise I saw for more than an hour, and pricked an occasional trout; but they were not meaning business, all were rising short; and so I sat down, just by the bridge, at about half-past ten and smoked. At the filling of the second pipe came a flutter of pink, a flutter of golden fluff, and my divinity appeared from the wood, again with the basket, going to the village this time. I felt quite brave and hardened.

"Mornin', Miss Rayner; what a lovely day!"

"Indeed it is; and what sport have you had?"

"It's just a-going to begin," says I, "for it only began when you came yesterday, so let's hope it will be the same to-day. Do you know, I had a most stupendous day yesterday after you went—five brace, nineteen pounds!"

"My goodness!" said she; "I never heard of such a basket on our river."

"I wish you'd have a cast with my rod and bring me luck for the day."

"Shall I? No, I daren't. Yes, I will; just one—there's such a whopper over there under the other bank."

The instinct of sport was evidently strong in her, and she threw a beautiful line. The first cast she was over him, and he splashed at it; the second she had him fast, and it was the identical spot where I had hooked my best fish the day before. Neither of us spoke much till I had landed him in the net; she gave her directions in a clear voice, and hardly made a mistake in her play.

"Well, you'll have to take *him* home, Miss Rayner, anyway," I said.

"No," she answered decisively, "it's impossible; it would vex Grandpapa even more than the other thing—Oh, I wish I hadn't! However, it can't be helped."

I streaked the trout and held him up to admiration—hard on two pounds. She regarded him half ruefully, half laughing, and sat down to pin on her hat, which she had tossed off, as if by instinct, when she first hooked the fish. I then told her again of my day's sport, without more suggestion than politeness demanded that it was all owing to her appearance. Then I proceeded to tell her of my dream, and at the words of the ridiculous charge she gave a sudden scream and turned deadly pale. I was utterly flabbergasted, and ran to the river, filled my flask-cup with water, and sprinkled it on her face. She pushed me away, saying, "Who are you? What do you know? Where do you come from? How dare you tell me such things!"

"Surely there was nothing wrong," I stammered, "in anything I said. I dreamed such a dream yesterday afternoon, and only told it you to amuse you."

She recovered herself in a short time, and then, still very pale, she held out her hand (which I held fast for an instant) and said, "You really dreamed that yesterday and know no reason why you should have dreamed it, here, in this place, under this wood?"

"Indeed, dear Miss Rayner, I am as innocent of any second intentions as the *chimera bombinans in vacuo*! I am only deeply grieved to have said anything disagreeable to you. How can I make amends for my awkwardness?"

"It was the horrid idea of the cold-blooded fish in court, I suppose," she said, trying to counterfeit a smile. But I could see it was nothing of the kind.





THE STORY OF BHANAVAR. By GEORGE MEREDITH. (No. 6.)

BHANAVAR RELEASES RUARK.

*And the doors and bars opened before her unchallenged, till she stood in the cell of Ruark; her eyes, that were alone unveiled, scanned the countenance of the Chief, the fevered lustre-jet of his looks, and by the little moonlight in the cell she saw with a glance the straw heap and the fetters, and the black-bread and water untasted on the bench—signs of his misery and desire for her coming. So she greeted him with the word of peace, and he replied with the name of the All-Merciful!*



There was a long pause, during which she sat with her head bent down, and when she looked up she said, "Sir, I have no right to ask such a thing, but the greatest favour you could now do me would be to go right away from Worthington to-night, and give me your word of honour as a gentleman never to return."

This was a little stiff—for the prettiest girl in Europe to ask a keen fisherman to go away, at the beginning of the May-fly, from a stream where he had killed five brace, nineteen pounds, in his first day—and all for no earthly reason that I could divine.

"Well, Miss Rayner, I would do anything you asked me—if—if—well, if you would explain a little more."

"Oh, I beg your forgiveness," said she. "I had no right to ask any such thing. I withdraw it. Will you kindly just see me across the stile into the wood? I feel a little shaky, and the sun is so hot here."

I did so in silence. When we had reached the stile she held out her hand to say good-bye, shaking all over with fright, and then as suddenly withdrew it, saying, "I must know what it means. I will be brave now. Sit down here and tell me at once who you are."

I was infinitely more puzzled than she, but sat down a few feet from her at the base of an old beech-tree on a carpet of moss.

"Tell me who you are," she repeated—an astonishing command to come so imperiously from such pretty lips (she couldn't be twenty).

"My name is Williamson, Miss Rayner. I have no particular home except Pump Court, Temple, London. I am a barrister, nearly though not quite briefless as yet. I am at present convalescent from a long illness, said to have been brought on by brain-work. I am proposing to stay here for a fortnight, then go with two old Eton friends to Norway, then to an uncle's in Scotland."

"You were at Eton?" she said half doubtfully. "Whose house were you in? What year did you leave? Did you know a boy called Shaw, Maurice Shaw—he would be about your age?"

"Did I know Mokey Shaw! My dear lady, ask me whether I knew the Brocas. He was my dearest friend, and I rowed behind him in my tutor's house-four two years. He's out in Africa, ain't he? Of course, he never writes, it ain't his way." I began to hope the Mokey, who, in spite of his name, was a very smart young man, did *not* write to her.

"If you know Maurice, you must be all right," said Miss Rayner, really smiling this time. "You can't have come here to betray his grandfather. Moreover, we have a photograph of that house-four in the dining-room, and I shall recognise you—"

"Betray him? In God's name, Miss Rayner, what do you mean? From the first moment I saw you I fell over head and ears in love with you, though I should probably never have dared to tell you so but for this extraordinary incident. If betraying your excellent grandfather would be likely to do me any good that way, I'd think about it, otherwise not."

"Don't be perfectly horrid," she replied, flushing scarlet, "or I can't trust you. It was what you said about the *milestones* that frightened me so," and the very word seemed to stick in her throat.

"About the milestones? What possible connection can your grandfather have with milestones? Does he hew them, or paint the names on them? I'd as soon believe he stole them!"

She gave another little scream, and clutched at the hand I held out to her (I didn't let it go this time).

"If you won't hold my hand quite so tight, please, I'll tell you my story. Grandpapa is a very clever old gentleman, but a very obstinate and eccentric old gentleman also. He has been a great naturalist and a great sportsman, and a great Society man, I believe, in his youth; he is still extraordinarily handsome and vigorous. He has had manias for collecting everything, from beetles to Limoges enamels... and now—"

"And now he is squandering his fortune in milestones!" said I, utterly unable to repress a laugh, which was not altogether uncontagious.

"Not his fortune only—that is nothing, Mr. Williamson; but his honour, and his reputation—risking even his liberty and the family good name!" She was in tears by now; but, do what I would, my voice shook with laughter as I said, "I see it all now—he *steals* them; and you took me for a detective because of that unlucky—no, I can't and won't say anything but lucky dream. Look here, Miss Rayner, if I had been a detective, should I have let out the object of my mission in that unguarded way?"

"No, of course you wouldn't," said she, smiling through her tears. "But, then, what an extraordinary thing your dream was!"

"Indeed, I don't agree with you. One's dreams refer to the future as well as to the past. I am, no doubt, fated to help your grandfather to steal milestones. When shall I begin? Well, Miss Rayner," I continued, "if it would get me the *entrée* of your grandfather's house, with an occasional right to see you" ("Please don't talk nonsense," from the young lady), "I would undertake to bring him a new and utterly undescribed milestone once a month—I would manufacture them, if I could neither steal nor come by them honestly. I suppose sign-posts are no good? I know of a beautiful sign-post, with 'London' on one arm and 'York' on the other."

"No," said she, "he hasn't taken to sign-posts yet—I dread to think he may some day; that one you mention is described in the book he is writing, or rather, which I am writing at his dictation. It is near Brickhill, isn't it? And iron milestones are no use either; they must be solid stone ones, the older and dirtier the better. I need not tell you that this fearful mania—for, indeed, it is such—takes him on long journeys on foot and on horseback and in open carts in the worst of weather—indeed, open theft of milestones can only safely be practised in terrible

weather, when no one is abroad; the lifting of them, in which he constantly assists himself, is a terrible strain; the number of persons whom he has to bribe every now and then to assist or connive at his wicked doings... Oh, it's terrible, terrible, terrible! It is wearing me out..."

Suddenly she sprang up and looked at her watch. "Gracious goodness! it is half-past twelve. I must be off at once."

"Will you not come again to-morrow and tell me how I can assist you? Indeed, I will do anything in my power—telegraph to Mokey—see a doctor—anything."

"Oh no, no! I must go. Let go my hand, please, please, dear Mr. Williamson."

It was well kissed before I let it go.

"To-morrow?" I said.

"No."

"I say yes, please, yes."

"Well, yes, then, if I can get away on no other pretext."

I need not weary my readers with the details of the next ten days. Miss Rayner and I met on the morrow and on every successive morrow till the time of my Norway trip was but a week off. On the fourth day we were Katie and Billy; on the sixth day we were provisionally plighted lovers.

"It's very nice, of course," she said at the end of that day; "quite delightful and quite romantic, Billy; but it's perfectly absurd. You appear to have four hundred pounds a-year, and me nothing. But I'll wait as long as ever you like, Billy dear; and, if only you could make friends with Grandfather, and he *really* took to you, of course he might help us. He *might*—he *might* take to you."

But this was just the crux, and we discussed the situation over and over again. There were many things in my favour—my blood was as good as his own, I had no inconvenient relations or encumbrances, my politics were as staunch Tory, as pre-Reform-Bill, as even he could wish; the thing I loathed most in the world was his own pet aversion—a County Council. I had travelled a good deal, and could tell him yarns (which he loved), and fill up the gaps from a lively imagination (which he would not detect). I was quite prepared to steal milestones or anything else, and undergo any reasonable term of imprisonment for the same, even to the extent of taking his contempt for the law on to my own shoulders. I knew something about pictures, of which he had a fine collection, and perhaps rather more about books than he did. But how to convince him of all and sundry of these qualifications for being his grandson-in-law? How to get an opportunity of beginning to convince him of any one of them? For the long and short of it was that the old gentleman was so far at feud with the world's law that he allowed no one to come to his house whom he could possibly avoid. When he was obliged to see people, he was civil, but frigid as the Pole. Into certain rooms of his house no one but Katie and himself ever entered. For the last two years Katie had been entirely cut off from society, for it was only within that period that the milestone mania had taken complete hold on him. The milestones were carefully arranged in a huge underground cellar, of which he kept the key. His old body-servant Jonas alone was in his master's secret; Katie had only been admitted to it because Mr. Rayner's eyesight was not good enough to enable him to write for long; and he was writing a book which should revolutionise the Theory and Practice of Milestones for all time. The other servants were paid double wages on condition that they never entered the village or gossiped with the tradesmen; and old Jonas saw most rigorously to the carrying out of these provisions. The result was that the wildest stories were afloat of the ways and habits of the old gentleman.

The most natural theory—namely, that he was a miser—was refuted by the great personal comfort and good living which the whole household in common with himself enjoyed. The cellar where the port lived was an ante-ante-room to the great cellar where the milestones lived; and the latter were lowered in with ropes by the master himself and Jonas through a secret door, and always at night. How many might there be? About fifteen, Katie thought—she had only visited them once or twice, and it always frightened her to go there.

"I can tell you," said she, "much better what is not there than what is there. Among other coveted rarities, the celebrated 'Oxon and Sarum' is conspicuous by its absence. 'Oxon and Winton,' from the Bradfield Road, is there; it was our last acquisition. He was out four nights after it, and the dogcart had to have new springs, and Jonas pinched his thumb very badly."

"Does Jonas approve of it?"

"Jonas would sell his soul for Grandpapa; he never says anything, nor does Grandpapa, when he comes home from these expeditions; only when Jonas gives me my candle to go to bed the next night and I say, 'Well, Jonas?' 'Puffick sucksess, Miss,' is all he answers."

But "puffick sucksess," thought Katie, could not go on for long. Discovery with all its horrid consequences could not be far off. Grandpapa's name struck off the Commission of the Peace—perhaps imprisonment, perhaps a lunatic asylum, the old home of her infancy broken up—no wonder that living such a life the poor child magnified these very real possibilities into a sword of Damocles.

Mokey, it appeared, was her second cousin, no favourite of Grandpapa, though only some five years older than herself. He had scoffed at beetles and been indifferent to enamels; he had been ploughed for Sandhurst, and gone for the Cape Police. He had never been in love with her? No; what nonsense! She was in short frocks then. She was very fond of Mokey, and always stuck up for him to Grandpapa, who





MISS CLARA BUTT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



seemed to like that, and Grandpapa had paid Mokey's debts once at least. She herself had been an orphan nearly all her life—the only child of Grandpapa's only son. Grandpapa loved one thing better than milestones—that was herself.

That was about all, and, as I have said, it took several days in the telling and the discussing. All imaginable plans for my going straight to the house, inventing some wild news about Mokey, claiming to remember Grandpapa when he came down to Eton on the Fourth of June and tipped Mokey (Katie was sure he did, because he drove all the way, ignoring the existence of railways; but, unluckily, she couldn't fix the year; but it was after mother died); claiming to be an expert in milestones myself ("That would be fatal. He would probably run away and shut up the house next day if he thought there was another man in Europe who collected milestones")—all these plans were discussed and thrown aside. And at last we had only four days more.

"If a mad bull could try to toss me, and you were to get badly gored in saving me, something might be done," said the inventive Katie.

"But where are we to get a mad bull?" said I gloomily.

The next day I was on the other side of the river, fishing, as she came from the wood. She waved the prettiest hand in England and ran on to the bridge; it had been raining, and she slipped badly and fell, first on one knee, and then from the plank of the bridge into the water—not above two feet fall, but all in a heap. When I had lifted her on to the bank she was white with pain—she had managed to sprain her ankle, and dislocate her knee as well.

She was not above crying, and cried very piteously. "Now you must carry me the whole way home, Billy dear, and leave your stupid old rod; and you must take me right upstairs to my own room your own self—not let Jonas take me out of your arms on the doorstep, mind; and then you must run for the doctor; and if, after that, you can't make friends with Grandpapa, don't tell me it's any good women being martyrs."

I bound up her ankle as well as I could, but the knee was past my skill. How she kept from fainting I can't imagine. It was a long half-mile uphill through the wood, and there were three stiles. I had to rest several times, for there was a healthy eight-stoneness about her; but I got there at last—a lovely old grey house, with "Nisi Dominus Frustra" in stone relief over the Rayner escutcheon above the door. I rang the bell loudly, and knelt down with my burden to rest till it was answered.

Jonas appeared. "Give me the young lady, sir."

"I think I had better carry her straight to her room; she is in less pain now, and to change might revive it."

He said nothing, but led the way upstairs, and I deposited her on her bed.

"Dislocated knee and sprained ankle. Where's the nearest doctor?"

"Great Worthington—three miles, all downhill."

"Got a bicycle?"

"Yes. In the stable-yard, first door to the left."

I was at Great Worthington in eleven minutes, but that doctor was "on his rounds." I ran him to earth after about three-quarters of an hour, and when I returned in the trap with him found the whole house in a pretty state of commotion. Katie could not, or would not, tell them anything of the accident, and only moaned with pain; but, after her joint was put back (which she bore like a heroine), Mr. Rayner came out to see me, as I waited in the hall. He was an extraordinarily handsome old man, in a plain black coat, and wore gold spectacles. He took me into a splendid oak-panelled library, lined with costly art-treasures, and I told him simply that I was fishing as the lady slipped on the bridge, and I had carried her home. He was profusely thankful, and I could see that the spectacle of her pain had moved him very much. But he tried carefully to conceal that he was at all anxious. However, when the doctor came down and intimated that he should look in again in the evening to give the patient some quieting stuff, I begged him to call, on his return, at the inn at Little Worthington to inform me of her progress. This touched the old man's sense of hospitality, and he at once invited me to come to dinner, which, it is needless to say, I agreed to do. In spite of Katie's warning, I sent up a trout at about four o'clock; and that it had been well received I gathered from the conversation being immediately led on my arrival to sport, and the natural history of fish especially. I let him beat me handsomely here, and then drew him on to Turner's "brown prints," of which he had a wonderful collection on the dining-room walls. In a remote corner hung a faded photograph of five boys in a boat, with their names underneath. I asked permission to look at it, and found it was as I expected. "M. Shaw, stroke; W. Williamson, 3, &c.; cox., Hon. G. Stingo. Rev. —'s House-Four, 188—."

"I never expected to have my own portrait hung in a room with such Turners, sir," said I.

He must have had a secret tenderness for Mokey, for on this discovery we speedily became great friends. Nothing then would do for him but I must fish his water.

"Come and stay"; "stay a week, a fortnight"; "he was a lonely old man," &c.

"Send for Mr. Williamson's portmanteau to the inn, Jonas, and get another bottle of port."

This was passing my wildest hopes. The doctor (who had never set foot inside the dining-room before) helped us to drink that port, and a "speedy recovery to Miss Rayner," who sent down a little pencil note to her "dearest Grandpapa that she hoped he had thanked the gentleman who so kindly carried her up, and that she wanted to kiss him" (which him?—unfortunately, Grandpapa took it to himself) "good-night." I felt sure that the "him" was a malicious trick of Katie's, and argued that

she couldn't be very bad. That night's post bore a letter of extreme illegibility to certain chambers in the Temple—

DEAR JACK,—I am hopelessly in love, and am playing against desperate odds for a heavy stake. To desert now would mean throwing up all chance. You and Stingo must skin the Orkla without me. Once more, forgive me. Of course, I will pay my share anyway, unless you can get a third.—Yours, BILLY.

Well, I settled down there and fished Mr. Rayner's waters with fair success. Katie, with heroic perseverance, kept her bedroom, which fretted me to death; but I dreaded above all the formula of an introduction to her. The old man was equally restless, as he wanted to devote half the day to his book, and his eyes would not allow him to write for half an hour together. At last I offered to act as his scribe; we had become immense friends, especially on politics and art, by this time, and, to my surprise, he accepted.

I wrote and wrote and wrote; he dictote and dictote and dictote in a slow, methodical manner, every now and then getting down to turn up references in county histories, Anderson's "Topography," and the like. The subject appeared to be something connected with land mensuration in the last century; no word of a milestone for sixteen pages. At length it came. "At the fourth milestone from Hungerford—"; I dropped my pen involuntarily; he started. "I beg your pardon, Williamson; you are getting tired?"

"I am a little tired, Mr. Rayner, and, if you'll allow me, I'll just go down and look at the water. Please give my compliments to Miss Rayner, and say I shall look forward to wheeling her chair in the garden this evening." (She was to come down for the first time that day.)

"I will, I will, my dear boy. Don't be late for lunch. I beg your pardon for being such a thoughtless brute as to tire you; I forgot you had been ill."

"Pray do not mention it, sir." I went out and caught two trout.

When I went to my room to get ready for lunch, I found a note on the table from Katie, in German of a delightfully unclassical kind. It was my first love letter, so, of course, I kissed it immensely and then deciphered. "He has determined to tell you about the m's. I advised him not to, as that was the surest way to make him do it. Play up to the dear old man, and be distantly polite to me this evening. Bless you.—K."

"Play up!" Yes; but how? The opportunity, as usual, came of itself.

"Could you give me an hour again, Williamson?" said Mr. Rayner after lunch.

"Most willingly, sir. Let me see, where did we leave off—at the fourth milestone from Hungerford?"

"Yes, yes, to be sure."

"I know that road well, sir—once rode a mare from Oxford to Salisbury between sleep and sleep; remember those old milestones perfectly, 'Oxon' on one side, 'Sarum' on the other."

"Mr. Williamson," said the old man, trembling, and taking off his gold spectacles and extending his hand on the table, "to possess one of those milestones is the dream of my life."

"To possess one, sir? Nothing easier. Get a block of granite, hew out a new one—any stonemason do it for you, cost about a guinea—drive over there, get on top of downs; two pickaxes; drop the new one, lift the old one, and back here before anyone knew you had been away forty-eight hours. If anyone asks you, say you're employed by the County Council to renovate their milestones—just the sort of blackguard thing they'd do."

"Some fate has always kept me from risking it there—I can't tell why; and it doesn't seem difficult to you?"

"Not a bit, sir. Give me a good stout farm-cart and a fast horse and a stout man, and I'll do it to-morrow."

"But, Williamson," said he, "if you put a new one in the place, it's not collecting, is it?"

"No, p'raps not. Bother the new one! I'll steal the old one, sir, for you if you like."

"Mr. Williamson, you are a noble young man! I have stolen fourteen milestones in these last four years; and if I can get an Oxon and Sarum I shall die happy. Come with me, sir—come with me, and I will show you what no man but Jonas and I have ever seen. That puss upstairs advised me not to trust you, sir; but I felt I must tell someone, and who better than a man like yourself? You make me young again, sir. Jonas shall go with you to the Plain—I'll go myself, sir—no, I can't leave that silly puss alone till she is well. And I can't wait, Williamson; indeed, my dear boy, I can't wait—you will go to-night?"

"I will start in half an hour, sir, if you like."

Well, we descended to the cellar. Round the wall were ranged, on a low wooden platform to keep them from damp, the trophies of this last and most curious object of man's passion for the chase. It was extraordinarily difficult to keep one's gravity, but something like pity for the old man, who had now lost his calm and polite demeanour and was quivering with excitement and pleasure, helped me.

"There is the famous Shaston stone, sir—'Shaston (Shaftesbury) and Blandford,' two miles wrong. Think of that! The next one on the road has '5' on it, and this, you see, has '2'—the man carved a 2 for a 4 on it! Think of that, sir! That was a dark night on Melbury Hill when we took him. This one came from the old road between Midhurst and Chichester. Here is our last treasure, 'Oxon and Winton,' taken"—it was his polite way of putting it—"between Bradfield and Pangbourne, in a snowstorm that choked the cart he lay in."

And so on, and so on. All had been carefully cleaned and heavily oiled, and this is why, I suppose, the place smelt like the inside of a sardine-box. It was indeed pitiful to see the old gentleman. These misshapen lumps of granite would have given him no pleasure had they



# SONGS · FOR · THE · KIDDIES



AND HE SHOT JOHNNY SPRIG  
ON THE TOP OF HIS WIG,

AND SENT IT POP-BANG OFF HIS HEAD



been lawfully come by; but I learned afterwards that in the beginning of his mania he had once offered a County Council to purchase, at any price they liked to name, some old stone or other, and had been somewhat discourteously refused; and from that time his mania had acquired the added zest of spite against the officials who manage our highways.

When we returned to the upper air Miss Rayner was already in her chair in the garden, being wheeled to her favourite flower-beds by the silent Jonas.

"Here, Pussy," cried the old gentleman, "this is Mr. Williamson, whom you met once before under more painful circumstances, and who is a much better secretary than you, pet. But I must go and get things ready. Come with me, Jonas; I want you. Now, Williamson, my dear boy, don't stand on ceremony with Kitty there, but wheel her about quietly, and come in when I call you."

Somehow we were at the other end of the garden when we were called about an hour afterwards.

Katie had changed her fears for her grandfather to fears for me when she learned on what errand I was going; but it was at most only a three days' drive, somewhat over a hundred miles there and back, and "never mind sparing the mare," said she. She was able to walk, with my arm and a stick, to the drawing-room sofa, and by five o'clock the dogcart was at the door. I was not in the least consulted. Katie was not supposed to know where I was going.

"A little job for me, my dear—a most invaluable young man!—a little literary job, darling. I'm glad you've made such good friends with him. He's going to stop and help me with my book, dear, when he returns, and you must not interrupt us. He takes Jonas with him."

"Oh, going to consult a manuscript, I suppose," said Miss Rayner carelessly. "Good-bye, Mr. Williamson; you know Grandpapa never likes people to go by train, or you could have done it much more easily."

"I shall enjoy the drive, I assure you, Miss Rayner. Good-bye."

Jonas and I ate our dinner in the cart that night, and put up at Wylve, on the edge of Salisbury Plain, at about nine o'clock. We gave out that we had bought the mare, and, though I felt they thought at the inn that we had stolen her, we retired to rest unmolested, master and man (in fact, Jonas was the master and I was the man), and my courage oozed away very much when we started again at daybreak, evoking curses from the sleepy ostler. The mare, however, though she had done her twenty-five miles the night before, was in extraordinary condition, and, when we were fairly out on the Plain, Jonas left the main road a little before Stonehenge and struck by a grass track on to Knighton Down. A couple of hours' bumping brought us to Nether Avon, and here we put up again. I ate my breakfast in the little inn and fell asleep, for I had slept little the night before. Jonas, merely saying he would be back in good time, set off walking eastwards. The hours passed and he did not return. At one o'clock I ordered lunch, and began to wonder if he had found the treasure, grappled with it of his own personal strength, and been overthrown, for to my overstrung imagination every milestone I saw appeared as a demon seeking to drag man downwards. At four o'clock, however, Jonas put his head in at the window and said quietly—

"Cart's at the door, sir."

I got in mechanically, and Jonas drove away eastwards on a villainous cart-track, which, after about an hour, wound itself into a depression of the Down about three miles across.

"There," he whispered, as if for fear of starting the game; "there's three on 'um in sight, and one a-lyin' on his side."

They were almost the first words he had spoken since we left home. Not a soul was in view. The disused coach-road from Oxford to Salisbury lay in front of us, at right angles to our track, and sure enough "three on 'um" were in sight.

"'1784 T. Miller' on the crownet base on every one of 'um," said Jonas with pardonable pride. He had spent the day in walking to this outlandish spot and examining the treasures, scraping away the earth with a pocket-knife to get at the "crownet base."

"Which shall we take, sir? It's for you to say."

A certain sportsmanlike feeling against shooting even a milestone sitting came over me, and prevented me choosing the primrose path. My courage, too, began to return at the apparent ease of the job, the almost certain security from detection, and my only wonder was that Mr. Rayner had not long ago "taken" the whole lot. Jonas evidently knew the spot, and had marked the game at least once before. I, in my simplicity (as I explained afterwards to Jonas), should have driven to Hungerford and then straight along the Down road, and settled down to dig out the most lonely milestone I found.

"Sartin sure to be observed, sir, if you had," said Jonas; "allus come up to your place of hoperation crosswise." He waxed quite voluble in the presence of the game.

"Well, Jonas," said I, "I think we'll take the southern one; there's a bit of a copse hard by where we could put the cart in hiding."

"I knowed you was the right sort, sir, and wouldn't never take a lyin'-downer if you could get a stander," said Jonas rapturously, and we bumped down the side of the hill and arrived at the stone.

We shoved the cart into the dense little beech-thicket and took out the mare. Jonas gave her a dry rub, and a feed of corn in a nose-bag. He then proceeded to unearth from under a thick layer of hay in the cart a turfing-iron, two mighty pickaxes, two spades, two crowbars, and several lengths of rope.

"Now, sir," said he, "shall we get to work at once or shall we lie by till night?"

I voted for at once, and I could see it chimed with his reckless humour. He poured me out a mighty drink of milk-and-whisky, and, emptying another himself, cried, "Here's luck, sir!"

"The diggin' of 'um up ain't so much, sir, nor even the haulin' of 'um; 'tis the getting of 'um into cart that tries yer; indeed, he be a terrible whopper."

We commenced operations by cutting from some distance away a square of turf sufficient to cover the hole to be made by the excavation; then we took up the turf for a couple of feet all round the stone, and set at it with pickaxes and spades hard-all, Jonas relieving his feelings with rapturous swears at intervals. I ought to say that the "crownet base" of an old milestone is usually square and commences a little way below the surface of the soil. In about half an hour we had dug him out and affixed the ropes to haul him with.

Suddenly to us from behind a shepherd or something of the kind with a long white smock—

"Wha' be 'ce a-doin' wi' thick?"

"Ain't you yead?" said Jonas, quite unmoved; "County Council's agoin' to make a gran' new road across yere. This here gen'l'm'n's the new 'spector from Sarsbury."

"Oh, 'spector is 'a? Well, 'tis main 'ot; you ain't got no beer, I s'pose, Mister?"

"Here's summat better nor beer, if you'll lend we a 'and," said Jonas, pouring him out a stiff go of whisky. The man grinned and swigged it off.

"Now just you and me take a 'old of this rope and tow 'un away. We're goin' to put these 'ere old stones in Meuzeum at Sarsbury; you'll zee 'un next time you goes in to vair, and you'll 'ave a beeyoutiful new iron 'un in place when the road's made."

The man appeared perfectly stupid, and obeyed mechanically. I threw all the loose earth back with the spade, and covered the turf over the hole as well as I could, and Jonas then drew the cart out of the thicket and placed it exactly over the stone. He took off the tail-board, and, unscrewing two iron nuts with a spanner, drew out the two main bottom boards from the floor of the cart longitudinally. He and I then got into the cart and hauled on the ropes which were round the stone, the shepherd heaving with a crowbar from below. In a few minutes the stone was in the cart and the boards replaced; Jonas bedded it in hay and pieces of turf, and secured it with ropes to prevent its moving. The deed was done.

Then Jonas, pulling out a sovereign, looked hard at the man.

"Look yere, shepherd," says he, "you needn't tell anyone 'bout this 'ere scheme of the County Council, 'cos the good gen'l'm'n wants to s'prise you with their doin's. D'ye see?"

"I zee," says the man; "I won't tell no one."

"Not even t'ould 'ooman?"

"Not even she."

And the piece of gold changed hands. I never saw a man grin like that shepherd. He would have won the horse-collar prize at any "vair" in Wiltshire. But, indeed, how we should have got the stone in without him I hardly know.

The deed was done, but we were fifty miles from home and heavily laden. Jonas seemed to have relapsed into his usual silence, but condescended to explain that we must not put up anywhere, for fear of detection.

"The mare'll do it if we don't 'urry," he said.

We turned west again on the open Down, and kept somewhat northward of our previous track. At the first stream to which we came he produced a small bucket, and, mixing a little meal from a bag, proceeded to give the mare a good drink: we then ate our remaining provisions and drank our remaining whisky. By devious and rough tracks, through Enford, Chisenbury, and Upavon, we at length reached a decent road at East Lavington just after dark. I suppose I slept that night; but I was not aware of it at the time. The mare trotted bravely on. At four o'clock we rested her for a couple of hours by the roadside, and walked into Mr. Rayner's stableyard at 10 a.m. Jonas being the only male thing about the house (for the stable-boy had been purposely sent for his holiday the day before), took out the mare and put the cart in the coach-house and locked the door.

The old gentleman's excitement and impatience were awful to behold; but not till nightfall was it possible for him to interview his treasure. It was midnight when we lowered it into the vault. He embraced me and called me his dear son. By the light of two kitchen candles we drank a bottle of the oldest White Hermitage to its health, Jonas tugging his forelock at due intervals, and taking the stuff down as if it was medicine.

I have little more to tell. It was Mr. Rayner himself from whom the suggestion came, a fortnight later, that "in a few years Katie would be wanting to be married to some harum-scarum fellow and going away, and then what should he and I do?"

"If you could make it a few weeks, Grandpapa," said Katie, "I think we might all three manage to get on." So it was made a few weeks.

I "took" two more milestones for Mr. Rayner that year much in the same fashion as the last; but the agonies and entreaties of my wife at last prevailed on the old gentleman to be content with his unbroken record of triumphs. He was also pleased with a promise that our first son should be christened Oxon and our second Sarum. As our first child was a girl, we compromised for Sarah; before our next was born Mr. Rayner was at peace in the village churchyard.

The milestones remain as he left them. To Katie in his lifetime they were an object of terror; after his death they became almost an object of worship. Only the secret has been disclosed, and a door and steps now lead from the garden to their shrine. Each has its label with the date of its capture above it. Each is carefully oiled once in six months, so the sardiny smell is perpetuated; and from the ceiling swings an ever-lighted lamp tended with vestal care by the faithful Jonas.

# THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## THE ROMANCE OF LANGUAGE.\*

Before outlining the features of a book which is a sort of literary testament, the story of its distinguished author's career may be very briefly told. Born at Dessau in 1823, the son of a German poet, Professor Max Müller took his degree at Leipzig when twenty years of age, and began the work of his life in the study of Sanskrit, the ancient language of the Hindus, under the eminent teachers Brockhaus, Bopp, and Schelling. Coming to England in 1848, he secured the support of Baron Bunsen, and ultimately settled in Oxford for the purpose of editing the Brahman Scriptures, known as the Vedas. Twenty years after this, when the chair of Comparative Philology was founded there, Max Müller, as an easy first in qualification, was placed in it. He made it the focus of a new interest: his lectures quickened inquiry into the origin and variations of language and the birth and growth of mythology. This is the work into which he has thrown heart and soul for more than fifty years, and now, in the evening of life, he has been busy recasting his many contributions to his beloved science, adding to this the heavy labour of editing translations of the sacred Scriptures of the East as material for comparison of the Bibles of the world.

There is no branch of science in which guesswork has played so fantastic and misleading a part as that of language, and hence the debt of a couple of generations to the Right Honourable scholar (for Max Müller is now of her Majesty's Privy Council) is the deeper for his sane treatment of a subject which has lost no element of truth while invested with charm by his facile pen. In the days of his youth the dry-as-dust etymologists ran riot over the field, and sowed tares of error among the wheat of truth. They were helped in their dire, dull work by the popular, blundering explanations of words in daily use, as well as of place names and proper names; hence a fine crop of corruptions. In the myth of Bishop Hatto, "mouse tower" is a corruption of "maut-thurm," or "customs-tower"; "hangnail," the name for the shreds of skin near the base of our finger-nails, is "agnail," from Anglo-Saxon "agne," "trouble or pain," and "nægl," "a nail"; and the "rose of the quarter-sessions," which the local gardener shows in triumph, is the French "La rose de quatre saisons." These, by the way, as examples. Sweeping all this aside, no scholar has brought out with more skill the fact that words, when their archaic forms and meanings are investigated, are something more than "fossil history" and "fossil poetry," as Trench called them, being, as Luther said of Paul's Epistles, living things which bleed if they are pricked. And Max Müller has not been content to trace words to their roots merely to reach their origin, so much as to show what they tell concerning the thought of man, how he has read the riddle of the earth without him, and interpreted the spirit within him. The outcome of this is in myth and legend, as we name the old speculations, although, in truth, they were real, and, for the time, sufficing, explanations to those who framed them. Hence, in these latest volumes of a long series, Max Müller has gathered up the results of inquiries during a busy life, restating (some will say, with less warrant than newer evidence justifies) the bases on which the structure of myth and legend rests. Following in the footsteps of German philologists, he shows how the dissection of words, and also of their primitive root-sounds, reveals the common origin of the most vigorous languages of the world. There is a touch of romance, appealing to the imagination, in the theory that the English and Hindu, German and Persian, French and Gypsy tongues are blood-relations, and that the Vedas, the "Iliad," the "Inferno," "Paradise Lost," the plays of Shakspeare, and the "Idylls

of the King" are written in dialects of the same mother-tongue. And, as the like theory applies all round, the existence of names of things proving that the things themselves exist, it is with language that Professor Max Müller has woven an attractive picture of the social state of those who, dwelling in the uplands of Central Asia, or, as some hold, in the basin of the Baltic, spoke the old Aryan whence the richer tongues of the Eurasian peoples had their source. So the main propositions which the author upholds and expounds are: (1) That the different branches of the Aryan family of speech possessed before their separation not only common words, but likewise common myths; (2) That what we call the gods of mythology were chiefly the agents supposed to exist behind the great phenomena of nature; (3) That the names of some of these gods and heroes, common to some or to all the branches of the Aryan family of speech, and therefore much older than the Vedic or Homeric periods, constitute the

most ancient and the most important material on which students of mythology have to work; and (4) That the best solvent of the old riddles of mythology is to be found in an etymological analysis of the names of gods and goddesses, heroes and heroines. Nearly the whole of these volumes is devoted to summaries of the evidence in support of the second proposition as warrant for identification of the gods of various Aryan Pantheons with the sun, the dawn, the sky, and so forth. The names of Greek and Vedic gods and heroes are brought into comparison, and their meanings claimed as identical. The Vedic Dyaus, or "bright sky," is said to be the same as the Greek Zeus; Ahanâ, or "the dawn," is equated with Athênê, thus explaining the myth of Athênê's birth from the forehead of Zeus; Saranyu, the light, which reveals dark deeds, is the Greek Erinys, who detects and punishes crime; "Pramantha," the Sanskrit "fire-drill," explains Prometheus, who stole divine fire for men; and Sarvara, the sun-dog, hunting mankind, is Kerberos, the hound of Hades. Applying this method to many legends and quasi-historical events, Max Müller explains the Trojan War as, in its main elements, the battle between light and darkness. As in Vedic myth, when the Panis, or night-demons, steal the cattle of Indra, the sun, he sends Saramâ, the creeping dawn, to rescue them; so, in Greek myth, Helen, whose name Max Müller feels confident "is a reproduction of Saramâ," is the stolen one to

be recovered, not once, nor twice, but often, as the panorama of nature moves from sunrise to sunset. As with the epics, so with the humbler drama of the folk-tales. In every land there is the pursuit of the well-beloved, to find the foot that the slipper will fit; and the Sleeping Beauty is one of the many variants of the pretty conceit of the winter sleep of Nature which the kiss of spring disturbs. Hindu ayahs and grannies in rustic England tell, with variations due to "local colour," the same stories, and shake their heads over the same proverbs and omens. An unsettled controversy, in which the venerable Professor has taken active part, rages round the question of the migrations of these tales; rages, too, round certain fundamental principles of his theory and method, but its voice is softened before the general expression of obligation to one who has done so much in unveiling to us the wonders of articulate speech as the mighty vehicle of thought.

EDWARD CLODD.

Any lover of poetry who has been annoyed with the laws by which his schoolmasters taught him to test the metre of verse, should look at Mr. Omond's shilling pamphlet on "English Verse Structure," published by Mr. David Douglas, of Edinburgh. It is addressed to the lover of music in poetry; it defies the grammarians, and it suggests a plan which would allow the scansion of metre to be something else than an absurdity.



PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

\* "Contributions to the Science of Mythology." By the Right Hon. Professor F. Max Müller. Two Vols. London: Longmans and Co.



## SERGEANT GORDON, V.C.

Sergeant Gordon, V.C., whose portrait appeared in *The Sketch* the other week, thinks we have overestimated the risk he ran at the attack upon the Mandingoes in the stockade of Toniatoba, when he won the Victoria Cross. He says he was not "riddled with bullets," but only hit once. This was, however, a native bullet, which entered his chest and passed out through the right lung. At the moment he was standing to the right of Major Madden, who was in command of the British force, and noticing several guns pushed through loopholes in the stockade, he seized the Major by his right arm and forcibly drew him aside, the same instant receiving the bullet intended for the Major. This was the heroic act for which subsequently the Victoria Cross was awarded. The British force numbered only seventy men, and there were a thousand rebels in the stockade. Gordon was carried down the Gambia on one of her Majesty's ships, and lay in hospital at the capital for a long time until he was pronounced convalescent. Before he was discharged he received a silver watch, which he still carries, inscribed: "Presented to Drummer Gordon, W.I. Regiment, by Major Madden's sisters, in grateful remembrance of his heroic conduct at Toniatoba, 13th March, 1892." The Sergeant was sent from Jamaica with six men to represent the West India Regiment at the Jubilee, and since his arrival in London he has been received with many demonstrations of joy—sometimes of a very embarrassing character—by the people of this country. Nor have the very highest honours been wanting. Sergeant Gordon stands five feet ten-and-a-half inches in height, and is a man of striking physique. His face, though jet-black, is European in type, and his high, broad forehead betokens a man of considerable attainments. He and his men were singled out on Jubilee Day for an immense amount of cheering, not only because of their picturesque dress—a red Greek sleeveless vest over a white-sleeved jacket, both richly adorned with yellow braid and gold buttons; a tightly rolled turban, with long white tassel; wide blue knickerbockers, white leggings, boots, and spats—but also because of their soldierly bearing.

The Sergeant was the life of the barrack-room when at Chelsea, and gave the Guardsmen many a merry evening with his performances upon the violin. As the time of their departure approached the Colonials were to be found in some of the best shops of the neighbourhood buying presents for their wives and children at home. Asked what he bought for his wife, Sergeant Gordon, after a little fencing, said, "A green silk dress." Then, as though to excuse this extravagance, he shyly added, "She's better-looking than I am." A little further pressure brought this explanation, "My face is jet-black, but hers is shiny"; so the secret came out as to a West Indian's standard of beauty in a woman. When the Colonials assembled at Buckingham Palace to receive their medals, the Prince of Wales graciously chatted with Gordon, and a still greater honour awaited him at Windsor Castle, when the Colonials appeared there in response to the commands of the Queen. Lord Roberts called Sergeant Gordon from the ranks, and he marched up to within four paces of her Majesty's carriage, when he halted and saluted. But the Queen said to him, "Come nearer," and he stepped to the side of the carriage, and her Majesty, in the most condescending manner, questioned him for several minutes. Finally she said, "I am proud to see one of my West Indian soldiers wearing the Victoria Cross, and I hope you will live long to enjoy the honour." The Sergeant afterwards said he had never seen a lady with such a beautiful face.

## A MAD SONG.

I went out to the hazel wood,  
Because a fire was in my head,  
And cut and peeled a hazel wand,  
And hooked a berry to a thread;  
And when white moths were on the wing,  
And moth-like stars were flickering out,  
I dropped the berry in a stream,  
And caught a little silver trout.

When I had lain it on a stool;  
I bent to blow the fire a flame;  
But something rustled on the stool,  
And someone called me by my name.  
It had become a glimmering girl,  
With apple-blossom in her hair,  
Who called me by my name, and ran  
And faded through the brightening air.

Though I am old with wandering  
In barren hills and marshy land,  
I will find out where she has gone,  
And kiss her lips and take her hand,  
And walk among long dappled grass  
And pluck till time and times are done  
The silver apples of the moon,  
The golden apples of the sun.

W. B. YEATS.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Every year the British tourist descends upon—or, more correctly speaking, ascends to Switzerland in his thousands. This year, rumour says that the thousands are fewer than usual, as some have spent their holiday money on the Jubilee, and many more say they have. The German, enriched by the sale of Jubilee emblems and flags, is more in evidence than ever. But sufficient Britons have come to point the moral of my remarks. Very few of the tourists think much about Switzerland, except as a country of hotels, lakes, peaks, passes, and glaciers. To them it does not exist (except as a source for wood-carving, cuckoo clocks, and cheap watches) out of the two months or so that constitute their holiday season. Perhaps the exhaustive German, speaking as he does the language which the majority of Swiss talk rather badly, goes more into the inwardness of the country. But the conceptions of Swiss history and politics possessed by the British tourist probably amount to little more than the story of William Tell, who never was, the heroism of Arnold of Winkelried, which is exceedingly doubtful, and a vague notion that something exists in Switzerland which is called the Referendum. This last fact he knows, because he has seen it in English newspapers.

When the tourist inquires further into Swiss institutions and history, he is apt to be contemptuous. He finds that Swiss mercenaries have fought for all sorts of kings and others, that the cantons have been in a state of continual dissension and change, that the internal history of the country is extremely local and petty, that its great men have been few, and that for a couple of centuries, or one for certain, its independence has existed largely by convention and on sufferance. He finds that its heroic legends are mostly mythical, that its warlike exploits (since a war of independence in which the Austrians were not *always* in the wrong) have been, like those of most other nations, done in the grabbing of small parcels of land. And he is apt to say in his haste that all Swiss are waiters—or guides; at any rate, that the country might be, as Tartarin of Tarascon once believed it was, run by a company as a field for tourists.

Some of these things are true, but inevitable. The Swiss are not to blame for figuring little in literature. They have not the first requisite for a literature—a language. As the "chocolate-cream soldier" said in "Arms and the Man"—not, perhaps, for the first time—the Switzer has three native languages. His very country is Suisse-Schweiz-Svizzera. The nucleus of the Republic and the bulk of it is German; but there is a goodly section of French and a cantle of Italian as well. So when a considerable literary man is born and grows up in Switzerland, he has to write in one of the languages of three big nations, each of which has a rich and historic literature. He is almost inevitably sucked into one of these. At the time of the Reformation, Switzerland produced or housed a number of considerable men. You will find their writings, when in a vernacular, duly inserted in French or German literature.

The local history, again, is not more petty than that of Palestine or Italy in the early days of Rome, or especially that of Greece. Some of the problems of government worked out in little mountain valleys appeared to the late Professor Freeman—no mean judge—quite as worthy of observation and analysis as those of Hellas, and of more worth to men of kindred blood. Though the heroic deeds of Tell and others may be mythical, there were many heroic deeds done in local fights for liberty or supremacy. But Switzerland had no Homer, no Herodotus, no Thucydides. The castles scattered thickly in some of the valleys, with their magnificent situations and mean ruins, have no romances attached to them; yet a great deal of interest can be got out of the doings of a few thousand men over a hundred square miles or so. But the Swiss Walter Scott has not been.

Finally, the specially business cast of the Swiss mind is inevitable. The material interests of their composite country are the one point on which all races can agree. Swiss patriotism, apart from the zeal for the material, educational, and moral progress of the population, must be chiefly historical. Too small to seek aggrandisement, debarred from sending "Swiss Admirals" to bombard and annex African kingdoms by the happy lack of a sea-coast, safeguarded from aggression by the mutual jealousies of powerful neighbours, Switzerland has devoted herself wisely though prosaically to fostering her industries, and cultivating the most valuable crop—the tourists. She has not the traditions of Greece; and what a blessing it would have been to modern Greece if those traditions had belonged to some other State! The ancient Greeks are the curse of the moderns, in the same way that a farmer or tradesman may be ruined by believing himself a scion of some noble family. Greece might have become a second Switzerland but for her antiquities. The average modern Greek is probably more naturally intelligent than the Switzer, and a keener trader; he is to the full as frugal, though he may lack the solid sense and honesty of the Northerner. He has, also, the tradition of centuries of subjugation, instead of centuries of proud and rather domineering independence.

Still, these minor differences are as nothing beside the fact that the Switzer has not to carry the dead weight of Leonidas, Miltiades, Aristides, Themistocles, and Co. on his shoulders. If the modern Greek wishes to become really prosperous, he should not want the Elgin Marbles back; on the contrary, he should sell all of the Parthenon that can be taken away. Then he should run a mountain railway up all available hills, and—the archæologist may imagine the rest.—MARMITON.

# THE ART OF THE DAY.

Three charming portraits by Madame Bries, exhibited at the Graves Galleries, Pall Mall, are reproduced herewith in these columns. One presumes that they are in each case fancifully titled, but certainly the fancy has been most prettily worked out. "Future Reine" is the portrait of a young girl looking out with a half-timid, half-eager expression upon the open world. The hair is arranged in black masses round the face, and the eyes gaze out with a full but tender significance. "Rêveuse" is, perhaps, not so expressive of its name. It is beautiful, but the face is too alert and meaning. The lovely hair streams in its thick tresses over the girl's shoulders and ripples with grace among the casual flowers, while the immobility of body is sweetly expressed in union with a real and genuine vitality. "L'Automne," the third of these portraits, shows the rather unexpected combination of a little girl feeding with fruit a full-grown rooster on her knee. But the idea is carried out with great skill and quiet humour. There is a little poise of the head and a look of concentration on the girl's face which even reminds one a little of Murillo. Madame Bries is certainly a most attractive artist, who knows exactly how to work out conceptions which are usually exceedingly pretty.

Some account was given last week in these pages of the Tate Gallery and of its contents, just opened with pomp and circumstance by the Prince of Wales. The opening, however, it will be of interest to readers to know, was purely a formal one, and the galleries themselves will not admit the interested public for some time to come. By that time, however, it may perhaps be hoped that some enterprising omnibus company will make the journey more convenient to Londoners generally. From the Lambeth side nothing seems easier than to hop into the new

Gallery; when you cross the river the hop becomes a weary walk indeed.

Industrious searchers into the Academy books of the year have been making public the accounts of sales which those books show. This year, it would seem, although by no means cutting a record, shows rather more brilliantly than some recent years have done. By the middle of last month, for example—private sales apart, of course—the amount realised was something over sixteen thousand pounds. Four years ago the total sum realised during the whole season was £13,319. That is some improvement for the poor artist who relies upon the Academy for the selling of his pictures. Still, when you realise that the Academy hangs on its walls nearly a thousand pictures, and that this sixteen thousand pounds accounts for only one hundred and eighty, the poor artist's mind would not seem to have received very much relief.

Among the pictures which have been fortunate enough to claim buyers, Mr. G. Boughton's "After Midnight Mass" fetched the very decent sum of £1200, the same sum as that which, as has before been here chronicled, the Chantrey trustees paid for Mr. Napier Hemy's "Pilchards." Mr. Waterlow's charming landscape, "A Tranquil Stream," was sold for £400, and Mr. Sidney Cooper found a buyer for his "Brae of Balquhider," which went for £600. Among smaller canvases Mr. Brett sold his "Distant Capri" for £100, and

Miss Maude Goodman received the same sum for her "Gin a Body Kiss a Body," while Mr. La Thangue has been fortunate enough to sell both his pictures, "Summer Morning" and "Gleaners," for £300 each. The selection is doubtless interesting, but one considers the hundreds unsold, and the situation loses something of its brightness.



L'AUTOMNE.—MADAME BRIES.  
Exhibited at the Graves Galleries, Pall Mall, S.W.



RÊVEUSE.—MADAME BRIES.  
Exhibited at the Graves Galleries, Pall Mall, S.W.



FUTURE REINE.—MADAME BRIES.  
Exhibited at the Graves Galleries, Pall Mall, S.W.





DRIVER OF THE ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY, 1797.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE,



TRUMPETER OF THE ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY, 1897 (HEAVY MARCHING ORDER).  
DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



## A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

*"We'll 'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."*

M. Lugné-Poe has fought a duel with M. Catulle Mendès, and the gentleman who acted as director of the combat is apparently engaged to fight the seconds on both sides. There is no great bloodshed in the business. In Paris now a scratch on the thumb is the satisfaction of honour. By the pricking of his thumbs the Parisian duellist knows when to expect a challenge. The encounter between M. Lugné-Poe and his antagonist deserves notice because it shows us the duel as a species of literary criticism. Neither combatant was aggrieved by any aspersion on his character. M. Lugné-Poe had asserted the superiority of Scandinavian to French literature, and M. Catulle Mendès offers a bleeding thumb as a witness to the contrary opinion. There is an interesting precedent for this situation. Mr. Whistler once desired to illustrate art criticism by an etching on the person of Mr. George Moore, who preferred to reserve his thumb for less violent uses. Have we no critics who will show us a little more sport? Is there no Ibsen zealot to draw blood from thumbs which decry that master? Mr. Quiller-Couch complains that Mr. Hardy's philosophy denies the "moral order of the universe." If only Mr. Hardy would retort that the "moral order" is a meaningless abstraction, like the "Concert" of Europe, or the "humble and contrite heart" of Mr. Kipling's hymn; and if only Mr. Curzon and Mr. Kipling would dispute this at the point of the rapier! Thumbs have been scratched for infinitely less.

Or take the case of Mr. Birrell and the daily newsman. Mr. Birrell insinuates that the newsman is a mere commercial creature, who has no moral right to lecture the world. Is he not paid out of advertisements? When Mr. Birrell opens a daily paper and scans a leading article inimical to his politics, no doubt he murmurs, "Bah! Patent medicines!" If he turns to the literary department, and finds a lavish eulogy of some book he despises, he tosses it aside with "Pooh! Crosse and Blackwell!" I fear his scorn is not softened even by the reflection that amongst the daily newsman's paymasters is the missionary who illuminates the "agony" column with passages from Scripture. But is Mr. Birrell certain that his own admired contributions to the weekly Press are not paid for in the same prosaic way? I open a certain journal he and I have known intimately for years, and I light upon an article in which he announces that Richardson is the English novelist who will live longest. "Clarissa" is to be remembered when all else we prize is forgotten. Richardson is "unsurpassable." "His touch was certain, though his thumb was coarse." No Parisian scratch would have refined that thumb! Further on I read an advertisement of biscuits which "build up the constitution." How does Mr. Birrell, who disdains the association of trade with journalism, know that these wondrous biscuits have not remunerated his praise of Richardson? At any rate, which makes the more extravagant claim upon credulity, the biscuits that "build up the constitution," or the criticism which places "Clarissa" above "Tom Jones" and masterpieces more familiar to our generation?

Mr. Birrell seems to think it would be a boon if news could be administered to the public without any contaminating sense of the newsman's commercial personality. Alas! the world is full of illicit mixtures. Even the early morning milk, which is left on our doorsteps, is said to be doctored sometimes by sinister hands before the can is opened by the confiding housemaid. Infuse the editorial "we" into the news of the day, and, instead of innocent cream, you have the buttermilk of partisanship! But in law, politics, and even in the pulpit, a similar adulteration is in constant evidence. Does Mr. Birrell suppose that verdicts are always won by undiluted truth? When the honeyed accents of Q.C.'s are distilled (for the sake of fees) into the ears of jurymen, when the M.P. unfolds his views (for the sake of a seat) to unsophisticated constituents in Fifeshire, does the cause of pure justice always triumph? It is easy to talk about the vain self-consequence of the journalist; but look at his chastening discipline. Let him presume to criticise the taste of his favourite music-hall *buffo*, the man whose ripe humours are among the less ethereal joys of life, and presto! he is haled before a jury, and mulcted in damages. Then his professional brethren find time for his correction. Even the vagaries of this page are analysed every week by a kindly censor in an evening paper. I tremble to think of my moral collapse when he grows weary of this duty, and, turning to other spiritual cares, leaves me to wander without a shepherd.

It is true that the daily newsman is not always oppressed by the responsibility which haunts some weekly oracles. Here is the *Spectator* much excited by two notable discoveries. First, there is the unexpected

Puritanism of Mr. Kipling, whose recent devotional exercise for the national benefit is worthy of "a Hebrew prophet." The submissive strain of his hymn interprets the serious character of the English people, though it seems scarcely consistent with that hew-Agag-in-pieces-before-the-Lord temper which was the distinctive note of theological piety under the Commonwealth. Considering that the arrogant superstitions of Puritanism, which left an evil heritage to so many sects, are foreign to the whole spirit of modern civilisation, the rejoicing of the *Spectator* is rather incongruous. But its spirits are sadly dashed by the discovery of that Greek papyrus which professes to record some "sayings" of Christ. There are ecclesiastical authorities who warn us that these add nothing to our knowledge; but correspondents of the *Chronicle* are already debating whether the papyrus favours the theory of pantheism; and the *Spectator* deplores the risk of some great "religious imposture." In these days of indefatigable rummaging in tombs, you can never tell what ancient document may turn up, purporting to be a divine mandate, which will inspire some crazy brain with a new creed. Well, the alarmist does injustice to the existing material. Bad theology, fortified by texts, has raised so much devilry in the name of religion that historical experience is not likely to be surpassed by future aberrations.

Let the *Spectator* be comforted. No Greek papyrus can enjoy the inspiration of a daily, or even a weekly, paper. Is there not a safety-valve for dangerous credulity in the *Spectator's* dog-stories? Moreover, the serious character of the English people is nourished by something saner than misleading retrospects of Puritanism. Each succeeding generation has a clearer idea of the proportions of life, so that the danger of lopsided religion grows less. Victories are constantly won over intolerance, such as Sabbatarianism, the chief Puritanical grace now remaining to us. Even the threat of the papyrus about the observance of the Sabbath is not likely to shut the museums again on Sunday. The *Spectator* has uneasy dreams of Mahomet and Brigham Young, natural, perhaps, to an imagination which has been fed so long on the erratic construction of theological dogma. Nay, it is in terror of some new prophet who shall proclaim a divine injunction against private property. The assailants of private property in these islands have found no papyri more sacred than the Fabian Essays; and the Prophet Shaw does not yet revel in supernatural attributes, which, indeed, could add nothing to the native quality of his remarkable mind. There is only one visionary who might make dangerous use of a celestial revelation, and that is the spelling reformer. Suppose the earnest and courteous correspondent who seems to believe that because I write "kleptomaniac," I ought to write "Decalog," were to announce this as a message from above! If the Decalogue were mutilated thus, I fear we should be reduced to the moral state of that Oriental region "where there ain't no Ten Commandments."

In "Aglavaine and Selysette," which Mr. Sutro has translated, Maeterlinck shows us the obstacles which harass his ideal of the unison of souls. Souls, as he has told us elsewhere, speak without words. Here they commune in kisses. Aglavaine, a widow, comes between Meleander and his wife, Selysette, with the purest intentions. All three kiss with zeal, and Meleander remarks, "I wonder what it is that heaven will exact in return for having allowed two such women to be near me." When the wife cries, Aglavaine says, "Do not weep, Selysette, for you are becoming very beautiful." Selysette is unhappy because her soul does not receive from her husband's the answers his soul gives to Aglavaine's, and he explains that "never do two different souls ask the same questions." A long dissertation on the varieties of soulship satisfies Selysette so little that she throws herself from a high tower and dies, pretending heroically that the fall was an accident. "We must never be jealous of the soul," says the philosophic Meleander; but this view is too exalted for the poor little woman, who could not be comforted by the information that the questions put by her soul were as "beautiful" as the questions of Aglavaine's soul. When questions are translated by kisses, I suppose the agreeable relations of one gentleman with two ladies must lack perfect harmony.

This melancholy truth has often been expounded. Father Abraham found that a triple alliance of souls could not reconcile Sarah to Hagar. Since then, evolution has made no progress in this direction; and even a consummate idealist like Maeterlinck cannot banish jealousy from the souls of the Selysettes. Will not the Pioneer Club do something for the achievement of this great end? Or do the Pioneers regard Selysette as a weak-spirited creature unequal to her rights, and Meleander as a type of masculine selfishness? Widows, at all events, ought to recognise Maeterlinck's tribute to their historic fascinations.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



PARSON : This is very shocking, William. You know, if you resist the devil he 'll flee from you.  
WILLIAM : A-a-h ! If yer resist—hic !—my—hic !—old 'oman—hic !—she 'll—hic !—flee at yer—hic !





CALLER : Can I sell you a few jokes, Sir ? I supply the profession.



"BEING TOOK."

*A Sketch from Life at Hampstead Heath on Bank Holiday.*



## THE OPENING OF VICTORIA BRIDGE.

The Victoria Bridge, Port Sunlight, which the Hon. G. H. Reid opened the other day, has been erected across a tidal arm of the Bromborough Pool, at the distance of about 1500 yards from its mouth in the Mersey, its object being to connect one portion of Port Sunlight Village with the high-road running from Birkenhead to Chester. The bridge is in one arch of masonry of 100 feet clear span, with a rise of  $12\frac{1}{2}$  feet, being a segment of a circle with a radius of 107 feet. It has a total length of 187 feet along with parapets, though it has a much greater length over the abutments, which are necessarily of considerable size. The masonry is of Anglesey limestone, while the cores of the abutments are of solid concrete. The voussoirs of the arch are moulded on the lower edge and worked carefully to the radius, commencing with a depth of 5 feet against the springers, and ending with a depth of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet against the keystone. Above the arch there is a handsome moulded string-course marking the level of the roadway, and this is surmounted by stone parapet walls,

## FROM THE THEATRES.

Mr. Oscar Barrett's musical version of "Dr. Bill," entitled "The Kangaroo Girl," which was produced at the Metropole Theatre, Camberwell, is very funny, and if a trifle broad—well, so was the laughter it evoked. Miss Nellie Ganthony as Mrs. Horton was charming, and of the others Miss May Cross, Miss Pattie Bell, Mr. George Raiemond, and Mr. Edward Morehen were very good. Miss E. Pryce, as maid to Mrs. Horton, acted the part to the life, and Miss Florrie Harmon (the Kangaroo Girl) danced into favour. Miss Nellie Ganthony gave one of her clever musical sketches as a curtain-raiser. By the way, "ladies are respectfully informed that hats and bonnets are not allowed in the stalls or in the first two rows of the dress-circle in the evening." The theatre opened on Bank Holiday with "Lord Tom Noddy"—Little Tich and the entire Garrick production of the piece.

A flattering reception has been given at Brussels to Miss Madge McIntosh and her company, who have lately been appearing at the



THE BRIDGE AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

having a height of 4 feet above the footpaths. The parapets are also of limestone masonry, panelled and surmounted with a coping, and it is on the inside of the parapet at the centre that the bridge has its name and date inscribed, "Victoria Bridge, 1897." These parapets widen out at each end to 40 feet, so as to meet the Bolton Road. The design is somewhat severe and simple in character, but dignity is obtained by allowing the structural lines to emphasise themselves. The bridge has been erected in less than twelve months by Messrs. Lever Brothers' own staff, from the designs and under the superintendence of the architect, Mr. William Owen, F.R.I.B.A., of Warrington. Its total weight, including earth embankment, is 26,000 tons, of which over 9000 tons are solid masonry and concrete. In celebration of the event, a luncheon was afterwards given by Mr. Lever in the Gladstone Hall, and, in acknowledging the toast of his health, Mr. Reid said that the mercantile fleets of Great Britain were so many bridges of trade and commerce which spanned the oceans of the world and connected the Mother Country with distant parts. Unfortunately, though the English ends of the ferry were free, there was to be found at other ports a battalion of tax-gatherers. He declared that it would be a sad day for the mercantile supremacy of our wonderful land if we imitated such suicidal examples.

Théâtre du Parc in a Shaksperian and legitimate repertory. Some of the Brussels critics have waxed quite enthusiastic over the performances of Miss Madge McIntosh as Juliet, Mr. W. Graham Browne as Romeo, and Mr. E. Lyall Swete (well known in connection with Mr. F. R. Benson's company) as Mercutio and Shylock. The ensemble of the representations has also been warmly praised. Miss McIntosh's daring enterprise has, I hear, been well supported by the English colony in Brussels, and also by the enlightened section of playgoers in the Belgian capital.

It is to be hoped that the second cruise of the "Saucy Sally" will prove long and prosperous, so that there may be a lively play for the dull season. Nor is there any obvious reason why it should not, for the piece is very funny, and the acting in the chief parts admirable. Mr. "Charlie" Hawtrey is quite in his best Ananias form, and does wonders of quiet art—art unsuspected by many. Mrs. Charles Calvert is truly comic, and, of course, the appearance of Miss Lottie Venne in the piece will delight many of her admirers. Miss Jessie Bateman is charming, and Mr. Fred Thorne is worthy successor to Mr. Ernest Hendrie as the amusing Jack Buncombe. Mr. F. C. Burnand's share should not be ignored, since he really has shown great skill as well as his customary liveliness in dialogue when handling "La Flamboyante,"

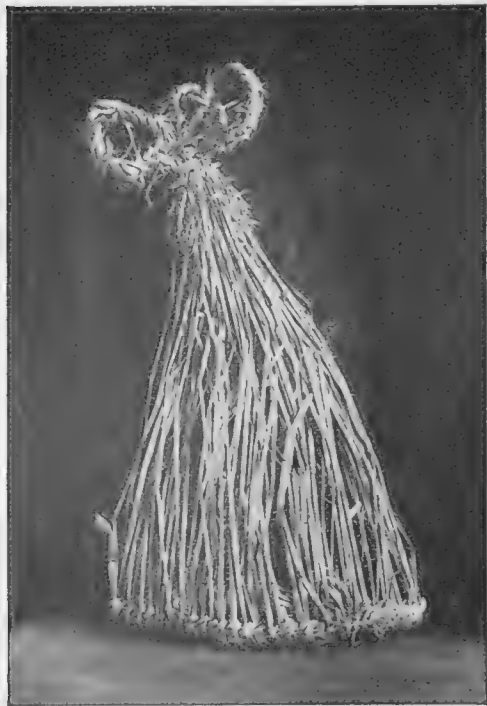
## SOME IRISH CUSTOMS.

*Photographs by Welch, Belfast.*

The primitive manners and customs are fast dying out in Ireland; what with light railways and a developed tourist traffic, old times and old

ways are rapidly being assimilated to those of England. Even the language is fading along the western coast, where it was once dominant, and where the rich gutturals can still be heard from the older peasants; but it is going, in spite of every effort for its retention. Yet enough remains in Ireland at the present day to interest deeply not only the ethnological student, but also the average tourist.

Dancing has always been a favourite amusement in Ireland, and is still largely enjoyed on the green patch close to a "claughan" of cottages, especially on Sunday afternoons; but dances having an older origin are also indulged in. At these masks are used, like the



WEDDING-DANCE MASK OF PLAITED STRAW,  
THIRTY-THREE INCHES HIGH.

one in the illustration, and much mummery takes place. Christmas rhymers are also common. The anchor shown in the illustration is one in common use in the West of Ireland, and serves its purposes well. It is made of a large stone wedged in between two stakes, to which the rope is attached. The anchor is quite in keeping with the boats in use. These currachs or coracles are made of a willow or hazel framework, covered with canvas and tarred, and are safe and light, easy of transport,

either overland or from one lough to another. Tradition says Saint Brendan sailed in one when he went West into the setting sun looking for Hy-brazil, the Land of the Blest, towards which so many of his countrymen of later date have strained their eyes. These coracles were formerly covered with hides; but calico and tar is now found cheaper and as serviceable. When O'Neill on one of his quick marches wished to cross the Shannon, he found it impossible to do so through the

absence of boats. The defect was quickly remedied: a few horses were slain, a few wicker frames made, and the warm hides of the garrons soon afforded a means of crossing the river. The jaunting-car is known to most people, but the earlier means of carriage, still in use, are little known. Panniers are common—two large baskets, one on each side of an ass, with a great pile of turf in each, is an everyday sight. This turf is brought down from the mountains by steep, rugged paths, in creels fastened on rude shafts, the ends of which, sometimes shod with iron, trail along the ground. Between the shafts the horse or donkey is tied with many cords and straw ropes and very little leather. The next type is that seen in the illustration—a common kind, where the wheels and axle are one and revolve together in a staple fastened to the shafts. The wheels are solid, and the body of the cart is tilted up from the shafts behind in order to do away with the sloping position. All the cottages have spinning-wheels, where the busy mother spins enough for her large family—that is, enough for the winter-time, for the summer is easily pulled through, and stockings are not in demand.



ANCHOR MADE OF A HEAVY STONE IN A  
WOOD CLAMP.

F. J. B.



OLD IRISH LOW-BACK CAR, GLENSHESK, BALLYCASTLE, CO. ANTRIM.



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"The Chevalier d'Auriac" (Longmans) must have a special welcome for its timeliness. In the book world there are dull seasons and dull seasons; but surely never was one so unrelieved as this. Our gratitude for anything bright is, therefore, tenfold. Yet in Mr. Levett Yeats's new story there is nothing new or startling. It is only a slight variation of the Weyman-Dumas romance. All the old motives, the old characterisations, the old safe appeals to popular sentiment, are used. It is only a play-book with pretty pictures of fights and escapes, and a king blessing the valiant hero and the beautiful heroine at the end. But it has one rare thing in books, whether they tell of clashing of swords or of courting in bowers—it has vigour. Mr. Yeats manages his puppets with skill and vivacity, and, though he may never produce the illusion of reality, he gives us excellent entertainment. A story of the days of Henry of Navarre, the conspiracies and the restlessness of the time have suggested a liberal supply of incidents; and what must strike the reader

tragedy involved, and we read it after the writer's death with poignant feelings of sympathy. For, though in Mrs. Oliphant's case there was no tragedy of the kind, we can plainly read a personal experience in her words, the experience that, while powers were still felt to be vigorous, the world, enjoying some new thing, cared less and less for them; and we read with the more sympathy that there is not a hint anywhere of complaint.

A pleasant and useful book is Mrs. C. W. Earle's "Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden" (Smith, Elder). Its main theme is the rearing and good education and utilisation of flowers and vegetables; but Mrs. Earle has in a modest way the whole world for her subject; and men, women, and children will find in her a charitable and liberal-minded observer. Perhaps in recommending her book I should put one strong interest of hers in the foreground—cooking. Her enthusiasms are widely spread; but her talents have been devoted to mastering the science, if not the art, of the kitchen and the garden. However, almost side by side with a



THE THREE GRACES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DOWNER, WATFORD.

as somewhat remarkable is the attention paid to French topography, seeing the book is dated from Umballa Cantonments and is the work of an Indian civilian's scanty leisure. "The Chevalier d'Auriac" may be counted on for amusement, and will certainly have its place in many holiday packs.

The last work in fiction by Mrs. Oliphant—the last published, at any rate—strikes a graver note than was usual with her. She was a serious-minded woman, but she paid one of the dues oftenest exacted from popularity, and had to say the pleasant thing. This was no outrage on her convictions, which were generally optimistic, but now and again a sterner note broke through, and it was predominant at the end. Both stories in "The Ways of Life" (Smith, Elder) deal with men who have come to recognise that the goad of life, its growing power, its success, and its prospects of things still to be won, are over for them—that they are going out with the tide, and the world will not miss them very much. They might have been cruel, bitter stories; but they are not. There is a calm recognition of the Ways of Life, and the pitiful novelist prevents the worst miseries from overtaking the men who have outlived their day. But in the Preface, where Mrs. Oliphant deals with the general question of the decay of popularity, there is no paltering with the frequent

new or a forgotten recipe, she writes a favourite poem, or makes an observation in education or society, and somehow incongruity is not the result. The book is no rival to Mrs. Fuller Maitland's "Day-Book of Bethia Hardacre," in which the garden is regarded from a more poetical point of view, and which is full of old lore gathered from the herbalists. But in the workaday hours of a housewife in the country Mrs. Earle's "Pot-Pourri" will be found the more useful.

A very clear statement of how things went with the Turks in the late war may be read in Mr. Clive Bigham's "With the Turkish Army in Thessaly" (Macmillan). He saw probably all a correspondent could see on one side, and his judgments on the other are not to be despised, for he is evidently a very cool-headed man, and, if he has some strong prejudices, he is, on the whole, fair-minded. It is not lively or very readable, being mainly a dry chronicle of military manœuvres; but in its own way it is well done, and is helped out by excellent maps and by several badly reproduced photographs. Of a far more popular order is Mr. Walter Pollock's "War and a Wheel," the account of the *Morning Post* correspondent's adventures with the Turks and a tricycle; but the tone of Mr. Bigham's book is preferable, dulness and all. o. o.

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## SOME FAMOUS DOGS.

A veritable little fairy of the moors is the lovely little Pomeranian, Moorland Pixie, who created such a sensation at the recent show of the Ladies' Kennel Association in Regent's Park. He is as fascinating and mischievous-looking as any pixie that has ever led his followers over the



MOORLAND PIXIE.  
Photo by Denny, Teignmouth.

treacherous ground of Dartmoor and landed them ankle-deep in the ice-cold waters of its many bogs. Moorland Pixie was bred from Moorland Brownie and Fairy, a little black lady who was bought in Homburg by Lady Conyers. He is just five years old, and, though new to a London show, has taken many prizes in provincial ones. He was first shown at Helston, in Cornwall, in a variety class and open novices, when he took a first and a third prize. At Coventry, in variety and open novices

classes, he took two firsts and a special. At Blackburn, in the open class for Pomeranians, he ran second to the famous Black Prince, and took third in toys under seven pounds, both the Poms. being beaten by the Yorkshire Terrier Champion Ashton Queen. At Darwen, in open Pomeranians, he was equal first with Black Prince. At Maidstone, in variety classes, he took a first and second, in the last case being beaten by the Maltese Sir Maneris. In the variety class at Shrewsbury he also took second, being beaten by the Japanese Loo-lah-i-tee. At the scene of his last success and his debut in London he captured three firsts, a special, and premiership. His shape is exquisite, and his coat of soft brown hair a very heavy one. He is a very affectionate dog to his charming mistress, Mrs. Percy Foster; but he is also a very idle little person, objecting strongly to be roused up when once comfortably settled. One of his many peculiar little habits is that of having a particular corner of his own in each room, and never by any chance going anywhere else in it. Carriage exercise is his great delight; he sits up and looks around him and thoroughly enjoys his drive. He will beg very nicely, and die and trust for his mistress, as well as sing for her in a very amusing manner. He is very jealous of other dogs, not allowing them to come near his mistress when he is on her lap, and he will also fly if anyone attempts to touch her. He is a splendid watchdog, and has a strong aversion to policemen and postmen, and is very plucky, flying at any strange dog, no matter what size. He is also most self-opinionated and dignified, evidently considering himself



CHAMPION HANNIBAL OF REDGRAVE '94.  
Photo by Fall, Baker Street, W.

a personage of great importance. Moorland Pixie has now returned with his mistress to her home, Teign Harvey, near Teignmouth.

The crowning honour of winning the seventy-guinea trophy challenge cup and the proud title of Champion of Champions was, after a keen competition of all the best dogs owned by the members of the

Ladies' Kennel Association, awarded to Mrs. H. L. Horsfall's magnificent Great Dane, Champion Hannibal of Redgrave '94. He is a grand specimen of his breed, and well known to frequenters of London dog shows. At Cruft's in February he beat the famous Bosco Colonia, the best Great Dane on the Continent; at this show he added to his already long list of first prizes, specials, and championships by taking four first prizes, including the brace with his kennel companion, Champion Selwood Ninon, and the team, which also included Lou of Redgrave and Godrich of Redgrave, besides the great victory over every other champion present. Champion Hannibal of Redgrave is by Hannibal and Emma II.; he was bred by Mr. J. H. Leder, and was born on June 9, 1894, consequently is now just over three years old. He is a richly coloured brindle and in the perfection of condition. Proud indeed he looked as, led by his handsome mistress, he headed the procession of champions past the Duchess of Teck, and was specially admired and petted by her Royal Highness.

Like that fascinating "Gentleman of the Road," famous in song and story, whose name he bears, the handsome smooth-haired fox-terrier Champion Claude Duval carries off golden results from his compeers whenever he enters into competition with them. The point of difference between the human and the canine hero is that in the case of the latter his spoils are fairly won and are the result of his manifold perfections, all awarded to him by competent judges of his delightful breed. Champion Claude Duval was born three years ago, on June 15, 1894. His sire is the no less famous Champion D'Orsay, from whom he inherits the black head-markings, which might serve as a highwayman's mask; his dam is Clytha Starlight, and his breeder Mr. Lewis. He is the winner of over a hundred and ten first prizes and seven championships, and every time he faces the judge in the show-ring he goes on adding to this imposing list of honours. He is generally acknowledged to be one of the best, if not the best, fox-terrier in existence. His master, Mr. G. Raper, has refused three hundred pounds for him; his catalogue price, when shown in May at the Royal Aquarium, was two thousand pounds.



CHAMPION CLAUDE DUVAL.  
Photo by Hedges, Lytham.



CHAMPION GO-BANG.  
Photo by Hedges, Lytham.

The wire-haired fox-terrier Champion Go-Bang, Claude Duval's kennel companion, is no less famous. He was born in July 1894, and is by Meersbrook Bristles out of Norman's Jess, his breeder being Mr. Norman. When only fourteen months old he was purchased by Mr. Raper for two hundred pounds from Mr. J. H. Kelly. Go-Bang is the winner of over a hundred first prizes and nine championships. He also was one of the sensational dogs at the recent Aquarium Fox-terrier Show, when his catalogue price was the same prohibitive one as Champion Claude Duval's.

## THE LANGUAGE OF CARDS.

The Roxburghe Press is publishing an "Occult Series." The latest volume, "Ye Booke of ye Cards," makes it possible for every man and woman to be his or her own fortune-teller. In this neat little volume "Zuresta" undertakes to tell the various methods by which this can be done. Of course, a certain skill is required in reading the cards, but still the directions are very explicit. Two red sevens and two red fives, side by side, augur a legacy; but two red fives and two black sevens show that you will marry for money and that you will be exceedingly unhappy; while two black sevens and two black fives, if accompanied by the nine of spades, will mean divorce, scandal, and violence caused by drink. The worst combination in the pack is the above, accompanied by the eight of spades, for it is then a sure sign of violent death by murder or accident. One would rather like to know on what principle the cards work. That two knaves should mean treachery is, of course, obvious. Ten of diamonds, again, clearly spells money. But why should the king of hearts be "a rather fair man in society, sometimes a sailor"? Again, why should six of hearts be a love affair, and sometimes an offer of marriage, while four of hearts only signifies a small invitation "such as a dinner or evening party"? A card, it seems, has often two significations. The ace of spades may mean spite, death, worry, or a large town. Six, again, signifies either delay or a bad character. But probably this is where the fortune-teller's gifts appear; and it is for him to declare authoritatively whether three sixes are intended to inform you of a large and brilliant entertainment or of disgrace and scandal, and if three eights imply that your lady-love has thoughts of marriage or only of folly and flirtation.



## CHANGES IN A MEDIÆVAL CITY.



THE town of Coventry is a place of great contrasts. It is at once ancient and modern to an extent that no other place is, if we consider the proportion of old buildings to new, of placid old-time life and present-day rush.

There, as you enter the city from the railway station—where Tennyson “hung with grooms and porters on the bridge”—are prim, newly made gardens, and late brick houses. A little lower down the road and Grey Friars Church steeple tells of the fourteenth century, and the visitor is near to Lady Godiva's Bower. Close to the spire stood the city's gate, which was closed against Charles I. The road and paths are but twenty feet across, yet that width of way marked the chief entrance

to Coventry until long after the present century had been running its course. In a lane herabouts may be found Ford's Hospital, as perfect a bit of mediæval oak-work as can be found anywhere—so good is it, indeed, that archæologists plead for its preservation in a glass case. Here and there in the main streets figures of Peeping Tom look down on passers-by from top-storey windows. The Broadgate, a wide space, used to mark the spot of the Market Cross. This central place in the city's life has been modernised, but Coventry still lacks good streets with rows of fine shops. High Street is very narrow, and there juts off from it narrow lanes with overhanging dwellings and black oaken premises. A few yards from the main thoroughfare stand the two churches (St. Michael's and Holy Trinity) which are objects of interest with everybody who goes to Coventry. In most towns the principal commercial quarter is the central. At Coventry that is not so. A stranger who once drove through some of the main thoroughfares went away saying he never heard anything of the weavers' shuttles; and saw no signs of cycle-building. The weaving-shops are to be found, however, not very far from Broadgate; but the watchmakers have gone a mile away to the west, and the cycle people as far to the east.

In Saxon times the Earl held the southern part of Coventry, and the ecclesiastical authorities the northern, and the municipal influence before the Reformation was probably very much confined to the middle part. Everywhere within a third of a mile of the centre of the city, except where improvements have been made in recent years, the streets are very confined, and, in wet weather, dirty enough. Yet in these Coventry magnates lived, year in, year out, over their shops and factories, like John Gilpin, London merchant. So it came to pass that there was a large number of good residences in the very heart of the city. Little Park Street was a favourite residential quarter with Coventry merchants and professional men in the last century. There are several Queen Anne houses, and the Banner House gave hospitality to Cromwell. The bowling-green behind, still used, is marked as such in a map dated the middle of the seventeenth century. Over the way a large cross in yellow freestone indicates the old Roman Catholic Mass-house. Go again to the neighbourhood of Holy Trinity Church, and there the beautiful foundations of the Cathedral stand out, overhung though they are with shrub and grass, and a modern school is raised on the ruins. The name of “Priory Row” sufficiently indicates the history of the locality.

Bearing away a few hundred yards to the east is what used to be called “New Town,” and here it is that the present-time industry which has revived Coventry, “boomed” the financial world, and given society a new pastime, is most to be seen and heard of. Huge plain buildings, storey upon storey high, and shedding covering acre after acre of land, contrast oddly and unfavourably with the ancient structures just left behind. Mouldings and cornices, hand-worked, and like those into which the toilers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries put heart and soul, are not to be seen. They are built for the day—on the site of cottages out of which people have been turned to make room for the local leviathan. With an exception or two, these cycle offices and factories make no pretension to architectural beauty, and the new Coventry simply consists of red bricks shaped into workshops and small dwellings. On the other sides it is the same, but there is less that is modern on the west than on the east. Yet inroad is being made there also, and the narrow streets are being widened where they can be; but in the main arteries there is an hourly congestion of vehicular traffic.

So far as to the influence of the commercial life on the physical appearance of Coventry. It would be wonderful if the steady immigration of a new population for twenty years, and a rush of a large number of people during the last five, had not influenced the life of the city too. As a matter of fact, it has considerably. The old weaver was an artisan-gentleman who united truth with trust. The art he followed taught him to be patient, and oftentimes gave him æsthetic tastes, so the homes of women brought up to the silk-weaving are known to have a neater and prettier appearance than those of most workpeople. The watchmaker, having to do with the intricate, delicate parts, has a character for attention to details of work and a sense of harmony. From the latter trade the cycle industry has drawn many hands, and the artificer's delicacy of touch is believed to have much to do with the successful building of those machines for which Coventry has everywhere become famous. The cycle came out of the sewing-machine, and the weavers and watchmakers are adept in the making of the latter.

The cycle trade brought a different sort of man to the city. Except in rare instances now, he is not Coventry-bred, just as the principals are not. He comes from Birmingham and other manufacturing parts of the Midlands, and from the agricultural districts where perhaps there is an iron-foundry. Higher wages and regular work have attracted him to Coventry. The Black Country gentleman, especially, is not, in his ordinary life, all that could be desired; perhaps he is all that can be expected; but, at any rate, he does not contrast favourably with the old weaver. There is a roughness and assertiveness manifest in the streets which is quite new to the home product who has passed middle-age, and who audibly mourns the decay of better days. His view is very much like that of an old woman on the Dorsetshire coast, who resented the development of her town as a watering-place—“When they strangers comed, then the town was a-spoiled.”

Yet it is the strangers that have given vigour to the life of Coventry. They have waked up Sleepy Hollow. They have spoiled some beauties, and may destroy more; but they have conferred on the place a present, and probably a future. They have almost knocked out of existence the foolish notion that he who is not a “Coventry man”—that is, a man born and reared in the city—has no right to local offices or prosperity, except by favour of “Coventry people.” They have brought great wealth and made the working classes prosperous and other people rich. They have put to shame some meannesses and made it possible for the authorities to carry out great schemes. What the cycle-trade nabobs and workers have not shown much keenness about is the supporting of philanthropic, religious, and educational movements. This is left still to the settled inhabitants. Those captains of industry eat and drink and amuse themselves. One could wish they had a larger sense of obligation towards their less prosperous brethren.

Another aspect of Coventry life which we must not fail to notice—although there is not so much change here, unfortunately—relates to methods of fighting elections. Every candidate who has sought a seat, either parliamentary or municipal, knows that the experience, whatever else there is about it, is not one gained cheaply. On the contrary, electoral contests cost money, and sometimes a good deal of it, when we consider the duties which representatives take upon them. The Coventry artisan, time out of mind, has considered his vote a marketable commodity. He does not proclaim the fact on the housetops that he needs consideration for the exercise of the franchise, but his steps are laggard on polling-day, and he is not to be moved till he has been visited. No one who knows the place leaves this class out of account when estimating the chances of a candidate. It is the fact that a less amount of money is spent at an election now than formerly, but that there are hundreds who need to be coaxed to vote is unquestionable. Political parties are evenly balanced in the city, and that is the opportunity of the unsophisticated. I wish I could say that the new prosperity is bringing about a political regeneration, but it is not, except that the more numerous the voters, the less easy it is to “manage” a district.

Another change the cycle trade is working, in addition to changes already noted. It is breaking up the apprentice system, which has flourished for centuries on the rewards that belong thereto. The lad who serves seven years for a master becomes a freeman, and the status carries with it a right to vote for a member of Parliament, and the chance of getting a freeman's pension in his old age. Now, however, parents prefer that a boy should earn ten or a dozen shillings a-week straightway and a pound or more in a few years to taking apprentices' wages of three or four shillings. The cycle trade has snapped up all the lads, so that errand-boys are a luxury and apprentices hard to find.

So this mediæval city is undergoing changes. There are people who declare that the enormous prosperity of Coventry at the present time is the forerunner of a day when the investing public will curse the name. If evil times again fall on the city, at any rate the times are merry now. Let the ball die off; not the favoured few, but the favoured many, have done well, and they do not too curiously peer into the future. The end of the cycle is not yet, and the motor-car is already with us. The chances are that Coventry will change still further, but we may hope that, amid all the alterations which may come, its distinctive architecture, its legends and traditions, will linger for a long time yet.—H. C. W.



IN HIS ELEMENT.

# THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## CRICKET.

## RACING NOTES.

On Aug. 11, 1873, Mr. W. W. Read made his first appearance at the Oval in first-class cricket, and, against the formidable bowling of the Yorkshire eleven, scored 3 and 14. A week elapsed, and against the men of Kent "W. W." scored 0 and 39; three years later he punished their bowling for 106—his first century in first-class cricket. The present season, therefore, is the twenty-fifth in which Mr. Read has

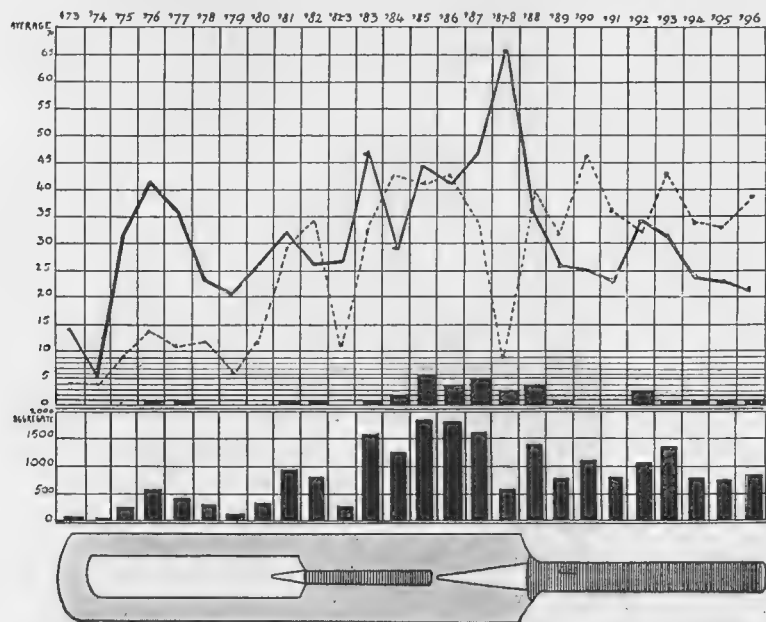


CHART OF MR. W. W. READ'S AVERAGES.

played in first-class company, but, as it is not yet finished, I have confined my chart to the representation of the twenty-four preceding seasons. The upper portion of the chart is divided into twenty-six columns, one column for each year and a column each for the eleven a-side fixtures of the two Australian tours in which Mr. Read took part in the Australian seasons of 1882-3 and 1887-8.

If we follow the course of the thick black line as it pursues its erratic way from the left to the right side of the chart, and compare its height when half-way across each column with the figures at an equal height in the left-hand margin, we can see at a glance Mr. W. W. Read's first-class batting average for any particular year. It will be seen that he started his career with an average of 14, which was reduced to 5 the following year, but then bounded up to rather over 30 per innings, thanks to an excellent 98 and 22 not out against Middlesex. His average in eleven a-side matches on Australian soil have been 26.5 in 1882-3 and 65.7 in 1887-8. The dotted line, in exactly the same manner as the thick black line, shows the number of completed innings Mr. Read has played during any particular season, while the height of the thick black column at the bottom shows the number of centuries he has scored. Mr. Read's best years as far as averages go have been (putting aside his Australian experiences) 1883, 1887, and 1885; he went to the wickets more times in 1890 than in any other year, and scored his greatest number of centuries in 1885. The lower portion of the chart shows, by means of the height of the thick black columns, the aggregate of runs scored by him each season in first-class fixtures from 1873 to 1896. His best years so far have been 1885, 1886, 1887, and 1883 in the order named, his worst aggregate being the 20 he scored in four attempts in 1874.

With regard to the large bat at the bottom of the chart, with the small bat let into the blade: the large bat represents the total number of runs Mr. Read has scored in first-class fixtures, and the small bat the proportion of these runs scored by him in his thirty-seven centuries.

Wherever Englishmen are to be found in sufficient number the national sport, cricket, is sure to flourish. In South America, under the tropical Argentine sun, there are a number of established clubs having a "first-class" standard very much in the same way as in the Old Country. The Banfield Club, though only three seasons old, is one of the most powerful combinations, and can compete on equal terms with any in the Republic, the three brothers Anderson topping the batting average list last season. Mr. Daniel Kingsland, the president of the club, who is now in England, is negotiating with Robert Peel, the well-known all-round Yorkshire professional, with a view to his going out and giving the Argentine cricketers the benefit of his experience. It is quite possible, too, that a team of English cricketers may go out next season and prove the mettle of these Argentine cricketers on their own ground.

It is some years since we had a St. Leger that promised beforehand to develop into a good contest, and the race to be run at Doncaster next month will not break the series, provided Galtee More thrive in the meantime. Should anything untoward happen, however, the St. Leger possesses elements of interest, inasmuch as it is no certainty that Velasquez can stay the course. The probability is that, with Mr. Gubbins's crack out of the way, Lord Rosebery would win his first St. Leger; but it would only be a probability, whereas now it looks a certainty for the son of Kendal and Morganette, on whom prohibitive odds will have to be laid if he go to the post sound and well.

The prospects of the steeplechase season are not of the rosiest, as owners of flat-racers do not take kindly to the jumping business. I believe Lord William Beresford is going in largely for racing under National Hunt Rules, and Mr. Martin D. Rucker will, I am told, have several jumpers in training this winter. It is a thousand pities that the Prince of Wales does not have one more try to win the Grand National. I am sure it would do more for the good of the sport than anything else.

That horses of the Galloping Dick type may be, in many cases, "added to the list" with advantage is shown by the fact that, among my batch of winning figures, over sixty successful animals were geldings, and, of course, they are more likely to win under National Hunt Rules when the jumping season arrives. This leads me to lament the fact that we have no races under National Hunt Rules for entire horses, as in France, which is probably contributing to the decadence of our winter sport.

I receive hundreds of inquiries in the course of a twelvemonth from fathers who are anxious to make jockeys of their sons, and I can simply return the same answer to one and all. For particulars apply to any respectable trainer. Many fond parents think, because their sixteen-year-old boys can go to scale at six stone, they must, as a matter of course, become Woods or Cannons in a very short time. To the initiated, however, the facts prove something different. Scores of apprentices can keep their weight well down, but not more than one in a hundred of them make a mark in the racing world.

The grey mare is not the better horse—on the Turf, at any rate, a fact upon which I have assured myself by actual investigation; and taking upwards of 840 events under the Rules of Racing in 1897, only three of them have been secured by greys. Bays seem to be always at the summit, and this season over 400 races have been won by horses of the colour favoured by the 2nd Dragoon Guards. Chestnuts come next; to be exact, 249 have won, and browns claim 157 events, while blacks, of whom there are few in training (and we may expect less in the future, now Petronel is dead), can only point to 15 successes. Roans ran a dead-heat with greys—namely, by winning three events.

Had Winkfield's Pride not won the two Cambridgeshires last year, I doubt if the stupid conditions of the second one would have been altered. As matters turned out, however, it was impossible that the race could again be advertised as it was up till last year, when the most objectionable clause ran, "the winner of the Cambridgeshire to carry only seven pounds more than he actually carried in that race." That clause has altogether disappeared, and in its place there appears "the winner of a handicap or of any other race value 900 sovereigns, after the publication of the weights, to carry five pounds, or a handicap value 450 sovereigns ten pounds extra." This is a more sensible arrangement; but I would like to point out the bad wording of many of the advertisements of races, some of which take a lot of understanding.

CAPTAIN COE.



THE BANFIELD CRICKET TEAM, ARGENTINA.



## SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

The leading feature of the "America" bicycle, a machine likely to prove a formidable rival to the bicycles of certain well-known makers, consists in its truss-frame. This is formed by dividing the seat-post tube into a fork, or truss, the ends of which are connected with the crank-shaft bracket. The advantages of this arrangement are easily explained. Hold a stick in one hand and let two men bear down at each end. If you grasp it with the hands, placed a few inches apart, you are able to hold it much more firmly than would be possible if you held it with one hand only or with both hands placed close together. Now, the stick is the crank-axle, the straight-bar frame is one hand, the truss-frame represents the two hands, and the two men are your two legs constantly pressing downwards. Furthermore, the bearings are absolutely dust-proof and oil-retaining, and the hubs are so constructed that the axle may be withdrawn and the wheel removed from the frame without disturbing the bearings. I may mention that Mr. L. H. Bliss, the heaviest cyclist in the world, is to-day riding an ordinary safety "America" roadster, which has been ridden by him over three thousand miles. Mr. Bliss measures 20 in. round the neck, 58 in. round the chest, and 66 in. round the waist. He is 72 in. at the hips, 42 in. at the thigh, and 27 in. at the calf. His age is twenty-three years; his height 6 ft. 5½ in., and he weighs 36 stone. The sole agents in England for the "America" bicycle are the Hawthorn and Sheble Company, Limited, 1, High Street, Aldgate, London, E.

A novelty that many novices will find of use is the Self-adjusting Bicycle Support. It is an ingenious contrivance, with the help of which the worst cyclist in the world is prevented from toppling over, and it entirely obviates any possibility of side-slipping. Nervous riders will, no doubt, hail the invention with delight.

Mr. Wilfred Pollock, special correspondent for the *Morning Post* with the Greek Army in Thessaly, has written an extremely interesting little book, under the title "War and a Wheel," which Messrs. Chatto and Windus have published. Mr. Pollock was strongly advised by a friend who "knew all about it" not to take a bicycle with him, for, said the friend, "the roads in Greece are mere stony watercourses, winding up and down mountain passes, to be negotiated only by mules or by the clever, sure-footed ponies of the country." Long before Mr. Pollock reached Larissa, however, he felt thankful that the friend was not with him, for many of the roads were rideable, to say the least. At length he managed to obtain a Raleigh machine, which helped him enormously throughout the campaign. The following passage is noteworthy—

Except in England, I have never been charged a single penny for the conveyance of a bicycle, save as a "personal effect." The Messageries steamer that brought me from Athens to Marseilles made no demand at all for extra baggage. On the French railways from Marseilles to Calais the bicycle was weighed with my other luggage that went in the guard's-van, and a small excess fee demanded. Not until Dover was reached was I asked if I had a ticket for my bicycle, and requested to hand over five shillings, in exchange for which I received a paper stating that the railway company undertook no risk whatever in case of accident, or, indeed, the deliberate negligence of any of its own officials.

The slump in the cycle trade has come not a moment too soon. With all the mechanic wits in the world thinking out new improvements, it was, of course, bound to come sooner or later. Ever since the "safety" came into vogue bicycles have been absurdly expensive. A farmer makes little or nothing on his quarter of wheat; the bicycle-maker has for eight years been making somewhere about a hundred per cent. on his twenty-six pounds of steel and india-rubber. The United States, which has ruined the one by the spurious grace of our Free Trade, is now putting the other in his proper place by the justice of free competition. There will, however, shortly be a further slump in England as well as in America.

How often has the patient and harmless cow struck terror into the female breast! A cry comes from the far Western Highlands that certain roads in the loveliest glens of Argyllshire are unsafe for lady cyclists, because, being unfenced, the horned denizens of the mountain fastnesses stray upon the public highway, and the timid rider dares not demand free passage. A letter appeared in a local paper last week to the effect that a gentleman, riding between Connel Ferry and Oban, came upon four ladies who had dismounted from their machines, and were patiently waiting until some male protector should arrive on the scene, like a knight-errant of old, and disperse a herd of cattle which had taken possession of the road and were quietly chewing the cud and basking in the sunshine. The writer suggests that the County Council or some other omnipotent authority should take steps to abate the nuisance. But considering that the roads in moorland districts are not usually fenced, and that it would be hard indeed to forbid the farmer pasturing his cattle on these unenclosed lands, it cannot be expected that County Councils or any other bodies should interfere on behalf of these timid cyclists. I can only suggest that the C.T.C. should erect danger-boards on these cattle-frequented highways, bearing the warning inscription "Cows—Dangerous to Lady Cyclists." After all, it very rarely happens that cows, even the ferocious-looking, long-horned Highland breed, are other than kindly disposed towards the human species, and a polite request to the intruders is usually all that is required to clear the path.

It is reserved for an American, Mr. Stilson R. Stevens, to conceive the notion of an Arctic cycling tour. He has been practising on rough ice on the American lakes, and declares that he is now ready to ride anywhere. I like to picture to myself this energetic wheelman negotiating the rough in-pack which Dr. Nansen tells us about in "Farthest North." I believe Mr. Stevens's countryman who rode down

the steps of the Capitol at Washington collapsed in a heap when he reached the bottom, but an Arctic ice-floe will prove a harder nut to crack, if the simile may pass, than a flight of smooth marble steps. Besides, I fancy fur clothing of somewhat vast dimensions is an absolute necessity in those Northern climes, and a fur-lined coat and boots would form an inconvenient cycling-costume. No doubt, however, Mr. Stevens has carefully considered all such minor details, and upon his return he will at least be able to say that he established a novel sort of record by riding miles to the Laps instead of laps to the mile.

This notice which I clip from the *Times* may astonish those people who think that the slump in cycle prices will enable them to buy cycles for next to nothing—

## ELSWICK CYCLES.—IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

We beg to GIVE NOTICE, That NO REDUCTION in the PRICE of these Machines will be made. Elswick Cycles always have and always will lead in point of quality, and while this is maintained the price cannot be reduced. London agents and representatives: The Stereoscopic Company, 106 and 108, Regent Street, W.; also W. and F. Thorn, Great Portland Street; and Benetfink, Cheapside, E.C. THE ELSWICK CYCLES COMPANY, LIMITED. Newcastle-on-Tyne, July 1897.

I have it upon good authority that a new sprocket-wheel, which will add twenty-five per cent. to the speed of ordinary bicycles, has just been perfected and will soon be placed upon the market.

## THE SEA-OTTER.

To adapt a hard-worked expression, an otter is not an otter when it is a sea-otter. *Lutra lutris*, to give him his scientific name, occupies a peculiar position, being the sole species of a distinct genus, and it is much to be feared that he will not long occupy that, for the value of his skin is advancing with his increasing rarity, and when an animal's pelt acquires special value that animal as a species is practically doomed. The average price of good sea-otter skins is now about sixty pounds, but a pelt of exceptional beauty may be worth as much as two hundred



SEA-OTTER SKINS AND ALEUT BOY.

pounds. A peculiarity of the sea-otter is the looseness of his skin; it is far too big for his body, and when removed from the carcase may be stretched to an incredible degree. According to the "Royal Natural History," the length of an adult sea-otter is about four feet, including a twelve-inch tail. Mr. G. E. H. Barrett Hamilton, to whom I am indebted for the photograph from which the illustration is reproduced, tells us that the longest skins therein shown measured nearly eight feet. The sea-otter is found only on the islands and coasts of the North Pacific. It is a remarkably playful creature. Aleut hunters told Mr. H. W. Elliot that a sea-otter would float on its back for half an hour at a time, tossing a shred of seaweed from paw to paw, apparently delighting in this primitive game of "catches." The mothers have also been watched playing with their pups for hours together. c.

# OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## AUTUMN PASTURES.

Few débutantes hastening to shake the dust of the country from their feet and flutter townwards in May to a Paradise of balls and other urban raptures can ever, I am well convinced, experience half the thrill with which worn-out Season-doers hail the first of August. July, down to its dying moments, may protract the semblances of merry-making, but

the imperative opening day of August shuts the Season's sesame with a most decisive click, and hard-working roosterers, as Whitworth Mackworth Praed has it, "have fled like the swallows away" before the dawn of its unfashionable morning.

The tendency to spread one's wings farther and farther round the corners of this much-negotiated globe is one which grows apace with cheap travel and other possibilities of the pleasant present day. South Africa has been an after-Season thought with many this year, and batches of smart people depart by every steamer for the Cape. If Ireland were more given to washing and decent cookery it would also come up for more serious consideration than it has heretofore achieved, seeing that the new boats can condense one's Channel agonies into the considerably abbreviated space of two hours and three-quarters. A growing interest in soap and *soufflés* would indeed do more for that picturesque country than native fiery eloquence would seem to have so far accomplished, and it is a matter for congratulation that these foreign elements are at last being, so to speak, acclimatised and "taking kindly" to the genial soil of that happy-go-lucky country.

Hundreds who have never made holiday on that side of the water will be attracted to this year's Horse Show because of the potential list of royalties and personages promised at Ball's Bridge in late August. If many do not linger in Kerry and Kildare, to return again for further peeps at that lovely line of coast scenery which extends along the South and West, it will be decidedly not the country but the comforts which will be to blame.

Along the level roadways of France thousands of bicycling tourists are already exploring that well-kept country, and the frugal wife of Jacques Bonhomme may well bless the day that brought pedalling into vogue, and her brown bread and "blue" claret, as a consequence, into marketable moment. One of the prettiest and smartest cycling-dresses I have met this year is at the moment *en voyage* for Biarritz, having started from Paris last week to perform the whole journey by road. It is a light tan or buff-colour *lainage*, strapped down the seams (which are double) with black. The divided skirt, which hangs so well as to conceal its subdivisions, whether walking or bicycling, is its chiefest attraction. Three black pearl buttons are sewn on at the upper part of each side of the seams. The dainty little jacket, fitting quite closely, has a narrow, rounded basque, and is decorated likewise with double seams. Three black pearl buttons fasten it up, and the turned-down collar forms scalloped revers in front, opening heart-shape over a plastron of fine batiste with narrow frillings of Valenciennes thereon. A little tan-coloured straw hat overtops everything, the crown being surrounded with puffings of chiffon in a darker shade and a group of pink ibis-wings. Some new cycling-gloves of open-work silk with leather palms have been lately brought out; silk is too obviously hot for the ideal hand-covering. The hard-wearing shapely doeskin is very preferable from all points for a working glove. It does not spread or lose its shape, cleans easily, and bears the firmest grip on handle-bar or ribbons without shirking. Of course, this praise only applies to real doeskin gloves, not to their cheap and nasty one-and-elevenpence-three-farthing substitutes, as per the shop-window recommendation so often seen.

A new linen material, very coarse, rather resembling sail-cloth, but with a rougher surface, is being worn a good deal just now at fashionable seaside and watering-places, and a *chère amie*, writing from festive Schwalbach, talks of the ubiquitous toile-de-Vichy, in which the best-groomed visitors figure forth of a morning when on water-drinking bent. Red and white is a favourite autumn mixture, mauve and white, tan and white, also—each trying tones, it may be added, but for her who takes the Schwalbach waters not to be feared, as complexions are "made up" there with wonderful effect, not in the later-day acceptation of the word, but as a result of the purifying Stahlbrunnen which beauty imbibes with such becoming after-effects. Here the artificial and high-pressure habits are put away *in toto*, and it is amusing to see with what meekness the Arcadian simplicity of the middle-day dinner is suffered, or rather enjoyed, not to add that early hours are imperative, while avoidance of fruit, wine, and other pleasant accessories is a first rule of the "course" which pampered mortals, ordinarily speaking, willingly forego for health's sake. Princess Anna Maria of Schaumburg-Lippe, with the two Princes, Wolrad and Henry, are at the moment in this Teutonic Eden. At a dinner-party given by the Duke and Duchess of Parma last week, the table was appropriately decorated with Parma violets, which must have been procured with some difficulty and expense at this season. The Grand Duchess of Luxemburg, who was one of the guests, wore a grass-green satin under black mousseline-de-soie, a combination that is now among the highest heights of fashion. Embroidery of white lace, sprinkled with emeralds and diamonds, enriched this beautiful gown, the Duchess wearing a diadem of the same jewels. It is at the Casino that dress is noticeably gayest, and, although Schwalbach is advisedly the home of rest for overworked and tired-out humanity, there seems, apparently, no reason why Paris gowns should retard the progress of its cure, and they are, according to my friends on the spot, very much affected. Two pretty American sisters have dazzled all beholders by appearing in white chiffon gowns, gathered down each seam on to the white silk foundation, and there embroidered with crystal and pearl passementerie. Apropos of white frocks, I have never seen so many dresses of that colour



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TAN-COLOUR WITH WHITE CLOTH APPLIQUÉ.



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THE LATEST CYCLING-SKIRT.

at any previous meeting as at Goodwood. Stewards' Cup Day assembled a great many smart women, as it invariably does, and seemed altogether quite as brilliant as Thursday. White satin was plentiful, both with and without a cloudy covering of chiffon, and Princess Pless was very ornamentally arrayed on one day in a white mousseline-de-soie over



ivory silk, an elaborate pattern of flowers and foliage being traced on skirt and bodice with tiny jet sequins, quite a *tour-de-force* of embroidery, which it seemed almost a pity to waste on filmy white material which must so inevitably be a short-lived possession. Another well-known beauty wore a most uncommon gown of grey poplin, embroidered all over in trefoil design with steel sequins. The skirt and short square bolero were lined with bright apple-green silk, and a toque of green gauze, with a huge white osprey which waved all over the crown, was held in place with a large emerald buckle. It was an enchanting turn-out.

Travelling-cloaks, which, like the defunct mackintosh, were for a long time only remarkable by reason of their ugliness, are now sharing the tendency of bathing-dresses, and improving proportionally. The outward sign and badge of the unornamental British female in former days was her terrible travelling-cloak, which, in conjunction with hopeless boots and a bonnet without any visible excuse for existence, went to make up that transcendental whole which caricaturists in the Sixties were so fond of portraying. Ugliness can hardly be said to exist to-day, however, and our voyaging attire is everything but dowdy. A cloak of light-grey cloth, lined with pale-yellow brocade, got into the Dover-bound train, in which I was also *en route* some days since, and struck that happy medium of smartness and utility which only a dressmaker of tact and talent ever accomplishes. The seams started from the neck and reached to the end, so arranged as to give a shapely appearance and yet allow a smart frock to fit easily within; pinked-out flounces of the cloth trimmed both neck and fronts, which were further embellished by a long jabot of butter-coloured Chantilly. A stole-like arrangement of brocade, in which grey, yellow, and green blended harmoniously, gave what dressmakers technically yet vulgarly describe as a "stylish" air to an otherwise severely simple but successful garment. This stately young woman owned among her impedimenta a charmingly frocked child of about ten, who, in white washing-silk, with a blue-sashed waist, and white befeathered Gainsborough hat, realised all one's dreams of picturesquely arranged childhood. Why do not people more generally gown their girls in this good old-fashioned way? It is so simple and so becoming that I would really like to see a sumptuary law passed proclaiming it from May to October.

I hear another rumour of white stockings which the rabid early Victorianites tried hard to popularise this Season, but the nation has, one hopes, more or less arrived at a sense of the ridiculous, and that would alone prevent the perpetration of a mode which never had anything to excuse it save and except the guilelessness of its wearers.

At Cowes the reefer jacket will be very much evidenced this year, built in every variety of material and tone. Its shape is, of course, the ideal one for yachting, being at once snug and smart. Red or white sail-cloth disputes the palm of fashion with coating and the perennial navy serge. August evenings frequently feel the pinch of autumn's chilly fingers, no matter how independently the sun blazes away in daytime, and the silk-lined reefer makes, therefore, a most acceptable addition to sea-going or seaside outfits.

The newest shirts for morning wear are trimmed with white frills on coloured foundation; for instance, a very neat model of pale-green or mauve or crimson linen would have the central box-pleat of white cambric, and frills of the same at each side, cuffs and collar of white linen. It is a most becoming style. Cornflower-blue alpaca, the skirt and short jacket being lined with mauve silk, makes one of the prettiest possible combinations. A white satin straw hat, wreathed in mauve wistaria and foliage to go with it, was one of Wednesday's Goodwood dresses, and was quite as charming and effective as many immeasurably more ornate costumes.

Capes, which have been in abiding favour with the sex for so long, are now at last being relegated to the limbo of unfashionable things, and, though smart outdoor garments do not greatly agitate the feminine mind in summer, seeing that the temperature forbids such accessories, September ides, bringing thoughts of winter or late-autumn fashions, necessarily involve the question of what to wear "on top." The "kerchief cape" is a promised Paris novelty, being shaped, as its name indicates, in the fichu manner, and matching the material of which one's dress is built. The redundancy of early Victorian fashions may be approved of here, even where coloured silk fringes are employed to trim the "kerchief cape" instead of frills, some of these new fringes being extremely handsome and possessing the merit of an entire change besides, which, as applied to fringe or any other fact, is the *sine quâ non* of success nowadays.

From Ostend I have lively letters concerning the two principal topics of the moment, which absorb—it is not inaccurate to say—men's minds to the exclusion of most others, namely, the bathing-costumes and the women's hats. Of the former it is recorded that they grow as perceptibly less as the latter surprisingly more, little being left in one instance to the imagination, while surrounding facts are mostly obliterated by the latter, which in the matter of enormous ospreys, ribbon bows, far-reaching feathers, and pastures of posies, are a feast of fanciful and extravagant arrangement.

The beretta-hat still holds its sway over feminine affections, and with the addition of increasingly large ospreys. An elaborate edition of the style made of green mousseline-de-soie, "très chiffonnée," has been figuring on the "front" of aforesaid watering-place this week. A large blue bird, with outspread wings and tail erect, is fixed in front. Behind this an immense aigrette of Paradise-tail feathers nods engagingly over the *cache-peigne* of amber roses which rests on the hair. Another notable hat figuring on a notable *mondaine* at the Casino lately was of shot crimson taffetas under black mousseline-de-soie. A rolled drapery

of both materials composed the brim. A high cluster of crimson and pink roses turned up the leaf at one side, behind which a very high—not to say lofty—tuft of gaura feathers dyed black showed bravely. The tendency to extreme height in hat-trimmings is especially noticeable abroad, where women follow fashion at close quarters instead of the mild middle-distance which usually satisfies our less courageous instinct.

In answer to the plaintive appeal of two correspondents, who declare that there is not a pretty tea-gown left in London, although in each case, being country folk, that garment plays an important part for "off evenings" at dinner, I subjoin the description of three which have been recently added to the wardrobe of the Russian Empress, and each of which should contain some hints for the benefit of those who have annexed bargains in silk or brocade stuffs at the sales. One, a lovely shade of turquoise crêpe de Chine, is cut in a little square at the neck, outlined with a green, mauve, and blue passementerie; a gauged front to the waist, where it is confined by a wide, jewelled belt, repeating the same colours as shown in the embroidery about neck. The lining, of soft mauve Liberty satin, gives a delicate shot effect to the turquoise crêpe, the tone of which, it should be added, is softened by profuse cascades of fine ivory lace at neck and sleeves. Number two, a delightful edition of organdi muslin in soft shades of lilac, rose, and green over pink taffetas, is an instance of how luxuriously transformed the apparently simple muslin of our grandmamas may become in the ineffable hands of a modern modiste. Bands of Valenciennes insertion indicate the rose-coloured lining beneath, and immense quantities of lace flounces extending from neck to hem emphasise the cloudy effect of this charming garment, around the waist of which a ribbon of ivory moiré is wound twice, to fall in flossed-out fringed edges above the feet. The third partook more of the nature of a *matinée*, for which it was indeed probably intended, being of white striped silk alpaca, a material at once serviceable and seductive. This, also cut slightly low at the neck, was tight-fitting at the back, which had a short train. Elbow-sleeves composed of the material, with insertions of lace and ribbon bows, matched the front, which was loose and rendered *très chic* by a plentiful addition of tiny ribbon rosettes in three colours, yellow, black, and green, which were also threaded through the insertions.

Headache is one of the most common afflictions; as a consequence there are innumerable cures offered for this distressing malady. Unfortunately, some of these are the reverse of harmless, and their use may produce serious and even fatal results. Attention may be called to Bishop's Citrate of Caffeine. It has many advantages; it is perfectly harmless and absolutely safe, and it removes those feelings of weariness, lassitude, and exhaustion which so often accompany headache. To students, brain-workers, overworked business men, ladies who get fatigued by shopping or sight-seeing, it is invaluable.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JOAN (Esher).—(1) Yes. Decidedly have a palmist. It always "catches on" immensely, because people are never tired of hearing about themselves. (2) Cream-coloured point-d'esprit over pink silk would be charming. Have rucked sleeves, and the net skirt should have a ruching of net at the bottom. (3) Your gardener's ailment may be a case for the doctor, but, meanwhile, as an antiseptic gargle, which is very often all the ordinary sore throat requires, you might give him "Sanitas," with the best results.

GRETCHEN (Homburg).—(1) The best way is to advertise, giving the address of first-rate lawyers in London for replies. This will keep impossibilities off. I do not know anyone at the moment, but there are many women in London quite in "the set" who would be willing to chaperon you at the liberal figure you mention. (2) Paris would be nearer than London for the blouses, and you could get the little girl's dresses at the Maison de Blanc. I saw one there the other day, quite simple, but the prettiest possible child's frock. It was merely a yoke of white, soft satin, into which the rest of the dress was gathered, which consisted of a mousseline-de-soie overdress, with white satin underneath. The hem, yoke, and wrist of full bishop's sleeve were edged with delicate white embroidery. (3) It is very like the Franz Josef water, and resembles it also in being quite palatable.

SADIE (Aldershot).—There is only one really effectual way pending the Röntgen ray developments are promised, and that is electrolysis.

VANITY (Ulleswater).—(1) I quite agree with your opinion, and think the crusty aphorism of "Nature unadorned" applies to everything else but women. We have an unfortunate way of falling off unless carefully assisted to a pleasing exterior by attention to details. Not that I must be understood to advocate the ancient arts of dyeing and painting; far from it. But there are, as you suggest, minor matters which repay cultivation. The best cosmetic, as we all know, is open air and exercise, but summer sun and autumn winds will play pranks with one's cuticle, and it is here that such harmless recipes as Beetham's Glycerine and Cucumber, for instance, do their devoirs in removing sunburn or smoothing away the roughness that attends on east wind, of which we get such liberal benefactions. (2) You can get a xylonite soap-box from any chemist. It is a good and cheap substitute for ivory. Price's "Regina" is one of the best soaps for travelling purposes. It is desiccated, delicately perfumed, and does not lather too much, always an advantage when moving about. (3) About your furs, finally instruct one of the maids to open and shake them about once a week in your absence. A most delicious perfume to put away with them is Grossmith's Phyl-Nānā Sachet; it acts as an aromatic disinfectant, and packets can be had at a shilling each.

EXIGEANT. —(1) By no means. I am glad to be of use. If you intend to drive much, you should always secure the solitary seat in the *coupé* which the Austrian *mallepostes* give. It is the only way of seeing the country. Twenty to thirty pounds is the amount of luggage carried free. The Eilwagen only carries three passengers as a rule. (2) Perhaps you mean Geislingen; that is where ivory-carving is carried on chiefly. You will get good exchange rates in Austria for notes or gold, but circular notes are safest.

GILDA (Guernsey).—(1) I am very glad of the information, though it is not possible to give it the publicity you desire. Personal matters of that order are hardly admissible. (2) Far afield, certainly. So much so, that I can give you few practical hints as to what to wear and what to carry. You would probably start from Vienna, where they would put you in the right way. All through Galicia you will find the Jews dress differently from the other inhabitants. It will, I have no doubt, be a most interesting journey. (3) Doré, of Conduit Street, would make your travelling kit well and inexpensively. SYBIL.



# CITY NOTES.

*The next Settlement begins on August 10.*

## MARKET CONDITIONS.

Holiday exigencies prevent our being as much up-to-date as we could wish this week, but the occasion seems apropos for reviewing in brief the Market conditions which have prevailed since the Jubilee celebrations, and comparing them with those which prevailed before those festive events, when we reviewed the general situation under similar circumstances.

The first point to be noted is that money keeps as ridiculously cheap as it well can be. There does not appear the slightest indication that either discounts or loans are going to harden. The rates keep quite nominal, and the discount brokers and bankers are at their wits' ends to know what to do to make a profit and how to do it. But the fact of the matter is, that current business has not yet adjusted itself to the altered condition of the Money Market. Borrowers of all kinds—on bills or shares or anything else—are, with the single exception of first-class bills, being stuck for the old rates. It is all very well for bankers to prate about the cheap money. They know perfectly well that it only applies at present to the special section of the discount and loan market which is used as a standard for quoting Money Market rates. Does anyone imagine that provincial bankers reduce their rates of interest for advances because the Bank of England Rate is Two per Cent.? It makes little or no difference, and it may not be amiss to explain why this is so. The subject deserves a paragraph to itself, which shall be headed—

## CHEAP MONEY AND DEAR LOANS.

The bankers are working now on a principle which is easily explained. Where the security is absolutely good, as in the case of what is called "fine paper," or when the transaction is one of those loans upon perfect security of which hundreds, or perhaps thousands, are carried through every day in the City, then the rate is the one announced in the daily papers. In other words, the rates quoted are for advances in whatever form *where there is practically no risk*. This is not generally understood by the public, and it leads to a good deal of friction. That is why it seems to us necessary to go into it fully for the benefit of the readers of *The Sketch*. If I have in my name £100,000 of Consols or London and North-Western Railway Debenture stock, or if I have acceptances to that amount of the London and County Bank, or the National Provincial Bank of England, or the London and Westminster, I get the benefit of the rates quoted in the papers. But if I want to discount a trade bill as a small suburban or provincial grocer or farmer, the rate is very different. The banker has to charge me such a rate of interest *as shall include an insurance premium on the loan*. It is this which is not understood—and which ought to be. Banks carry on their business not for fun, but for profit. To prevent any possibility of misunderstanding, let us repeat that the price of money, as daily published, refers only to the cases in which there is hardly the possibility of any loss occurring.

## HOME RAILS.

The Ordinary stocks of Home Railways have, as we have said before, had their rise too soon. The benefit of the Jubilee was over-discounted, and the market has fallen away to the advantage of the "bears," who saw that the "bulls" were overestimating the benefits likely to accrue from the Jubilee. Just look at this comparison of a few representative prices at the end of May Settlement and that of the end of July—

	End of May.	End of July.
Brighton "A" ... ..	179	179
Chatham Preferred ... ..	138	137½
Great Eastern ... ..	121	119½
Great Northern Deferred ... ..	67½	64
Great Western ... ..	177	175
London and North-Western ... ..	207½	207½
London and South-Western Deferred ... ..	88	88½
Metropolitan ... ..	124	126
Metropolitan District ... ..	30	29½
South-Eastern Deferred ... ..	116½	115½

This table does not bear out the idea which is entertained in some quarters, of the Jubilee having been a great blessing to the railway companies. On the contrary, the Market appraisal shows very few changes for the better and a fair number for the worse, with a few cases thrown in where the price has not moved at all.

## CONSOLS.

Some people say they cannot understand how Consols keep their price so well. We do not share that surprise, and why we do not will be easily seen from what we have said above regarding the Money Market. The stock, with a few others, mostly British Railway debenture or preference stocks, is regarded—and justly so—as absolutely safe. There are in progress financial operations aggregating a very considerable total—very many millions of pounds. All these have to be financed somehow; and, as it unfortunately happens, a substantial proportion of the aggregate consists of enterprises which bankers or other responsible people would not assist except upon the most undoubted security. And then, again, there are the Post Office purchases for the Savings Bank Department, and, of course, those of the National Debt Commissioners. All those considerations, combined with the essential fact

that British money, in view of all sorts and conditions of recent events, is being kept in Britain, are responsible for what is certainly an extraordinary state of affairs. Were there a revival of confidence in Colonial or Foreign securities, we should witness, without doubt, the wonderful spectacle of *Consols going down because the outlook had improved*.

## INTERNATIONALS.

About these perhaps the less we say the better. And also, perhaps the less any British investor has to do with them the better. Why on earth should we meddle with things like Italians, Spanish, Portuguese, and so on? For the British investor it would be infinitely better to put his money—if he cares for that sort of thing—into the bonds of neutral States like Belgium and Switzerland. But it passes our comprehension that any *bond-fide* investor should risk his money in the securities of any of the countries which are addicted to going to war without the means of paying the indemnity if they get the worst of the conflict. Greece is, at the moment, *the* case in point. A notorious defaulter in the payment of her debt, and even the interest upon it, an obviously unfit combatant with Turkey, she cheerfully says, "Turkey declares war, we accept it." Of course, the result is defeat in war, and Greece's obligations to her foreign creditors become practically worthless. There is no redress except perfunctory sort of work by the Council of Foreign Bondholders. That body has been soundly abused, and not always without reason; but we must not forget the fact that creditors of foreign States have no legal redress. They must rely on diplomacy.

## AMERICAN RAILS.

We must admit that we cannot follow the course of Yankees. At the end of last year they experienced some sharp movements under the influence of the Jingo attitude in regard to Cuba. A leading firm of London stockbrokers, in their monthly circular dated Dec. 31, said—

With the economical position tending to improvement, the balance of trade still enormously in favour of the States, and conditions generally pointing to steady industrial progress, the one thing required is political peace, and this seems to be denied. To gratify the vanity, if not the avarice, of a few, the business and progress of a great country must be paralysed by foreign alarms, or suspended for the discussion of mere tariff changes, while the question of currency reform is postponed. No doubt the matter will sooner or later be seen in its true light. In the meantime, with such an outlook it is not surprising that prices have further declined, and the public shows practically no inclination to take any interest in this section of the market. There has been some quiet buying of bonds, but prices even of these show some irregularity.

That was a very accurate description of the state of affairs at the date, but later on the situation looked better. For that matter, it still does so; but the trouble, as usual, is that nobody can tell what the Americans are going to do next. There is no fixity of tenure, and the stocks have been particularly erratic of late. It is not a complicated situation, in the ordinary sense. The sensible people, among whom are included the capitalists, want sound money assured. Mr. Secretary Gage's speech at Cincinnati showed a disposition in that direction, but up to the present nothing particular has come of it. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, and it has the same effect on the American Railroad Market. The worst of it is that the States are just now very like a musty elephant, anxious to have a row with somebody, and not caring very much whether it is Japan, Spain, or Great Britain, if we may judge from their recent diplomatic methods.

## COMPANY FLOTATION.

The business of bringing out new companies is flourishing apace after the Jubilee. Every morning's post brings a great batch of invitations to subscribe capital for this, that, or the other. About this a correspondent sends us the following letter—

Is there anything which I can do to mitigate the awful prospectus nuisance? Every morning my letter-box is filled with them. Some, I dare say, are respectable, but the majority of them are not. I must give a casual glance at all of them, in case some of these documents in open envelopes relate to matters in which I have a real interest. As regards joint-stock companies, I hold no shares except two hundred in a mining company, which I bought at, I think, threepence each. And that was some years ago. I lost my money, of course; but that fact I regard as of much less moment than the daily annoyance of receiving a basketful of prospectuses which obviously come to me because some wrapper-addressing agency has got my name from the share register of this questionable mine.

The complaint is a very natural one, but we do not see any way of remedying the grievance, except that we shall be happy to give our correspondent, if he so desires, a pattern of our own W.P.B., which, being interpreted, is Waste-Paper Basket. Seriously, there is arising—or rather, there has arisen—an intolerable nuisance in the shape of the dissemination of prospectuses through the post to all and sundry who can be traced as owning a few shares in anything.

## RECONSTRUCTIONS AND THE COMPANIES ACTS.

Week after week we receive letters from correspondents, who complain that this or that company in which they hold fully paid shares has gone into liquidation, and that they are offered, as the alternative of losing their money, new shares with something to pay on them and a liability to boot. Most of our readers want to know whether they are obliged to take up these new shares, and if they must lose their original money should they refuse.



The whole position is governed by Section 161 of the Companies Act, 1862, which provides that when the property of a company is sold for shares to another company by the passing of special resolutions authorising such a sale, any shareholder who objects may give the liquidator a notice requiring him to abandon the scheme or purchase the interest of the dissentient shareholder. This notice must be given within seven days of the confirmation of the special resolutions—that is, from the holding of the second meeting—and must be in the alternative form we have printed in italics. We strongly urge our readers, if they get a notice of meeting for liquidation and reconstruction upon the principle of new shares with a liability, and if they do not wish to put more money into the venture, to consult a reliable solicitor at once, for the section is so dreadfully technical—few lawyers and hardly any laymen ever give the correct notice—that the slightest slip will put the shareholder out of court. For instance, notice before the holding of the second meeting is bad; notice in anything but the alternative form is bad; notice more than seven days from the holding of the second meeting is bad; but if you comply with the exact terms of the section and all the cases which have grown up around it, you are sure to be about the only person in such a fortunate position, and, rather than go to arbitration as to the value of your few shares, a good price will probably be given you to be rid of a troublesome matter.

## SILVER.

The white metal in which so much of the world's trade is carried on has reached a figure considerably below any previous record. In the year 1890, not so very long ago, the price was 54½ pence per ounce, while to-day it is 26½ pence for the same quantity. The lowest price ever before reached was 27 pence in 1894, since when it has been 31½.

To what is silver going? Is the sag going to continue, or have we reached something like bottom? Any answer to such questions is a mere matter of expert knowledge as to the cost at which the world's consumption of silver can be produced, for we need not say that we have no faith in any quack remedies, such as bimetalism by Act of many Parliaments, or suchlike rubbish. America holds the key of the position, and, as far as we can ascertain the facts, very much depends on the holders of silver in that country and their ability to carry their goods. If the big silver men, or any of them, are obliged to sell, the slump may go further, and we suppose it was the fear of such a state of affairs which prevented the Indian banks from supporting the market when the metal dropped below 27 pence.

## THE DISTRICT DEEP-LEVEL CASE.

When the gamble was on in the Metropolitan District Railway stock last year, and it was alleged that the rise was caused by the scheme for running a deep-level tunnel from Earl's Court to the Mansion House, we always said in these columns that, in our opinion, the whole affair was a mere device to put up the market for the benefit of certain gamblers, and the story unfolded in the case of *Ellis v. Charles Pond*, which has occupied so many days of Mr. Justice Mathew's time, very much confirms what we said. When Mr. Charles Pond is on the war-path, the public had better leave him to fight out his battle with the Stock Exchange without its assistance, and probably Mr. Ellis even wishes that he had recommended the astute Pond to go to some other broker. For those who are interested in the fluctuations of Metropolitan District stock, or in the way rises and falls in its price are brought about, the case provides most interesting reading, and will well repay the trouble of looking over the stack of old newspapers which most people have put away on some convenient shelf.

## THE WEST AUSTRALIAN (GOLD DISTRICTS) TRADING CORPORATION, LIMITED.

So many of our correspondents appear to have been trapped by this concern, and we have so many personal friends who are sufferers, that no apology is needed for referring to the matter again.

The Official Receiver, having investigated the affairs of the corporation, has found that fraud has been committed, and obtained an order for the public examination of certain directors and officials. On the 27th instant Mr. Goodman, ex-dentist, once managing director, began to unfold a tale the like of which has not been heard, we venture to think, in company-promotion for many a long year; even the revelations in the Thomas Brinsmead Piano Company are mild in comparison to some of the facts elicited from Mr. Goodman.

The manager in Western Australia was asked to send false information as to sales and profits just before the corporation was floated, and, to his credit, he refused. The managing director suggests that the office-boy must have sent the cablegram asking for the untrue information! On June 22, 1896, Mr. Goodman made a speech to his shareholders, in which he said that £60,000 worth of goods had been shipped, and that he had guaranteed manufacturers to the extent of £40,000, while he now admits that, at the date in question, the total amount of goods bought came to only £4481. A dividend of 100 per cent. was declared on three months' trading, although at that time no goods had been landed in Western Australia, much less sold. Mr. Goodman admits he borrowed large sums from the company, but says it was unconsciously! The delinquent is a bankrupt, so that no money can be recovered from him, not even that of the shareholders which he borrowed; but surely the arm of the law is long enough to reach such a case, even as it reached the great Jabez?

Friday, July 30, 1897.

## FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

## Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ADVANCE.—We never answer letters unless accompanied by the name and address of the writer. See Rule 2. If you will comply with the same, we will give you our advice.

CESTRIAN.—The people behind this concern are about the worst gang in the City, and we would not believe one word which anybody connected with it wrote or said. Write to Mr. Henry Hess, of the *African Critic*, and he will tell you all about the gang, whom he is exposing week after week in his paper. We posted your papers back to you on July 28.

PILGRIM.—The whole thing was a swindle. If you are not game to put a bit more into it, on the chance of one day finding some fool to buy your shares, you had better put all the papers in the waste-paper basket, and write off what the shares cost as a bad debt. You cannot be made to pay any more, and if you had consulted a solicitor in time (that is, within seven days of the second meeting for reconstruction) you could have become a dissentient shareholder who must have been paid out.

E. B. B.—(1) The lot connected with the Cycle company are such that we confess we do not think you will ever see your money back. They can compel you to pay up, and will do so in the end. If you continue to pay the least attention to any recommendations you may find in papers sent to you gratis you can only expect to lose your money. These rags are all sent round to puff some swindle or other. (2) Substantially, "incorporated under the Companies Acts 1862 to 1890" means what you say, but you should notice that the word "Limited" is printed after the title of the company. (3) Yes, we think they will prove a fair investment.

A CONSTANT READER.—It will never pay you to take in an Official List of the Stock Exchange to follow the price of East London Railway B debentures, which fluctuate very little. You can buy it or subscribe for it by applying to Mr. J. G. Wetenall, 4, Copthall Buildings, E.C. We really know of no reason why the stock should improve.

P. C.—We wrote to you on July 26.

IREX.—We have a poor opinion of these shares as an investment.

CARPE DIEM.—Our opinion is that if you are taken in by such a vulgar swindle as is set out in the circular you send us you deserve to lose your money. Of course, there are no *bona fides* to give an opinion upon.

J. B.—We do not know the mine you name as an African concern, but we will make inquiries, and try all the books of reference. If it exists you shall have a further answer next week.

INVESTOR.—(1) This concern is largely interested in pastoral properties in Australia, and owns both sheep and cattle stations. Its ordinary stock is affected by the price of wool, hides, stock, &c., and by the nature of the seasons in Australia. In prosperous times we have known the ordinary stock up to nearly 200; but it is, of course, speculative. (2) A fair share, which we recommended below par. The business is that of cutting tobaccoists, and, in our opinion, likely to improve.

A. J. B.—(1) The company has a reasonably small capital, and its productions take high rank in the cycle trade. More we cannot say. (2) Do not apply for shares when the prospectus comes out—that is, unless you sell them before allotment.

OMEGA.—The less you have to do with Mr. Basset's Vienna Gigantic Wheel shares the better for your pocket, in our opinion.

With the coming of the grouse Scotland is in the minds of many tourists. The Midland route, *via* Settle and Carlisle, is an excellent way of reaching the southern parts of the country, more particularly Burns- and Scott-land. The summer service is excellently arranged.

The Scotch whisky drinker—and he is to-day in the majority—cannot now complain of the difficulty of getting the genuine article at a fair price. So many distillers and blenders in Scotland are now advertising their brands, that one should have no trouble in selecting a whisky to suit his palate. A good and genuine blend is that advertised by Mr. Matthew Gloag, of Perth. It is known as the "Grouse" brand, and can be had direct from Scotland at forty shillings the dozen bottles, carriage paid.

A curiosity of an interesting kind has lately been published by the Art and Book Company. "The Penitent Bandito" is a seventeenth-century translation, by Sir Toby Matthew, of an old Italian book, recounting the conversion of a Baron of Rome, Troilo Savelli, in prison previous to his execution for many crimes. Revival literature contains few things more curious or more charming, and one of the chief points of interest, attraction, and wonder is the fact that the wicked Baron, who finds religion after an awful course of crime, is little more than a child in years—he is but eighteen—and a very good kind of child, too, impressionable, enthusiastic, hungering after the pains of martyrdom. Sir Toby was an excellent translator, and for the English alone of his version "The Penitent Bandito" ought to be better known.